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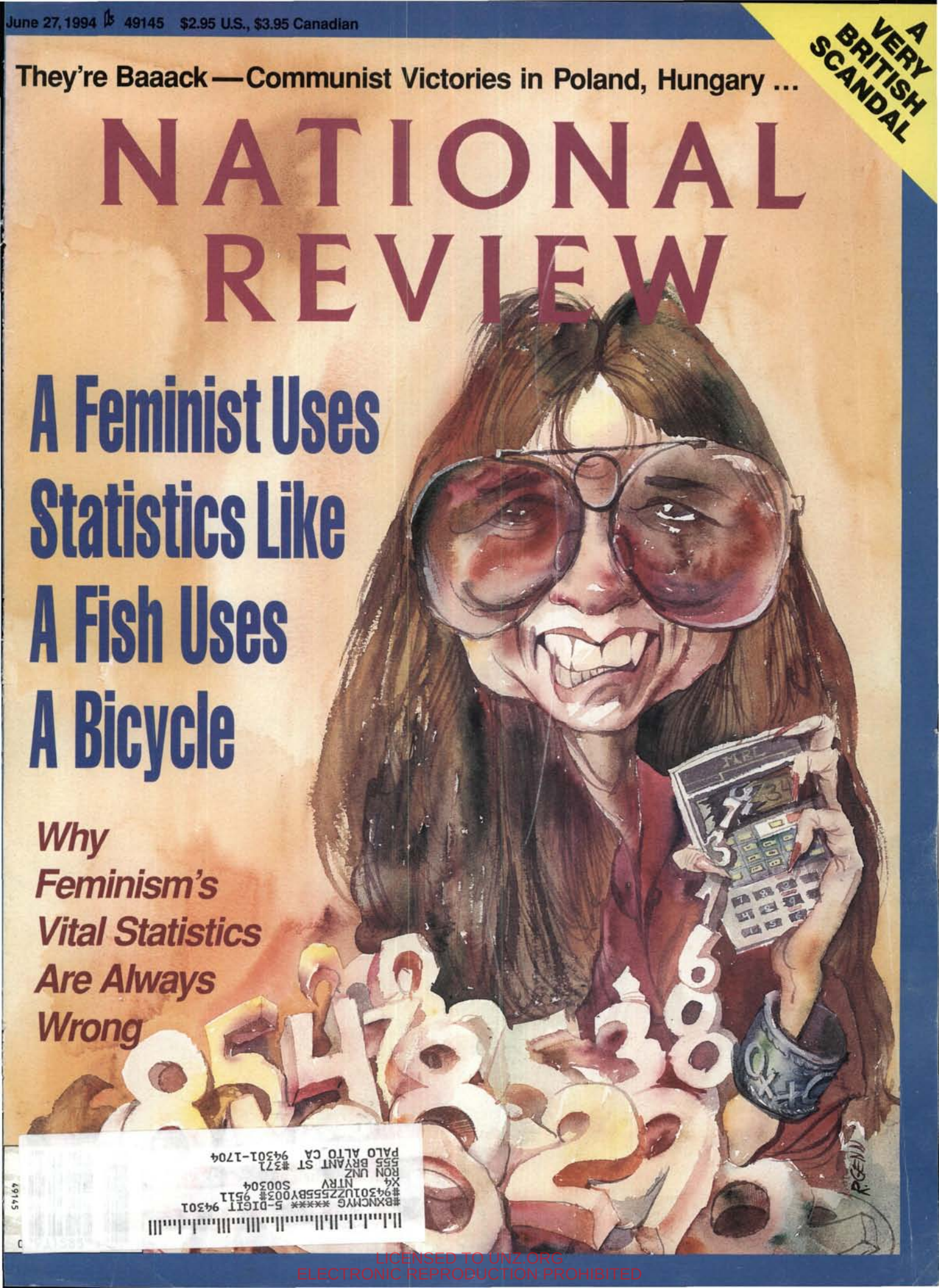

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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LETTERS

Clinton Budget Cuts?

I read in Lawrence Kudlow's column that the "economy over the past four quarters has accelerated markedly: 3.6 per cent for real GDP growth, and 5.5 per cent for *private* real GDP growth." ["On the Supply-Side," May 30]. As Ed Rubenstein's column correctly reports ["Right Data"], in the U.S. the public sector is about one-third of the economy (and the private sector two-thirds).

Thus I calculate that real GDP growth of 3.6 per cent and private-sector growth of 5.5 per cent together imply public-sector growth on a National Income and Products Accounts (NIPA) basis of roughly 0.2 per cent: real government spending on goods and services has been falling under President Clinton for the first time since the 1960s. Real government spending on goods and services did not fall in any of the budgets enacted, or proposed, by Presidents in the 1980s.

Why do I not hear *NR* applauding the fiscal policy—and the President, and the Congress—that have produced this first-in-a-generation decline in the size of government in the NIPA?

Brad De Long
Deputy Assistant Secretary
Department of the Treasury
Washington, D.C.

I am delighted to learn that policy officials of the Clinton Treasury Department are reading NR. *Let's hope this trend will expand to include all departments and agencies within the Executive Branch.*

And I can reconfirm that real private domestic GDP in the U.S. has increased 5.5 per cent over the most recent four quarters. However, within the public-sector aggregate, real defense purchases—the bulk of federal purchases of goods and services—has declined at an alarming 7.2 per cent real rate. Mr. De Long does not note this, presumably because he is embarrassed by Mr. Clinton's excessive retrenchment.

What is more, the Administration has proposed a massive domestic entitlement increase in the areas of health care, welfare, crime, and job training. Should these proposals pass Congress, they will lock in double-digit budget spending increases as far as the eye can see, funded by an annual tax increase of at least $150 billion.

But entitlements and other transfer payments are not scored in the NIPA, since they do not represent purchases of goods and services. Presumably Mr. De Long also knows this. But should he seek a review of federal accounting practices, he might consult with the excellent career staff employed at Treasury. Sharp cutbacks in defense, accompanied by record entitlements, funded by huge tax increases, are not my idea of sound fiscal policies. —LK

Working for North?

I was very distressed to learn from one of our members in Michigan that *NR* reported that I was raising money for Oliver North's Senate campaign ["For the Record," Feb. 21]. This is absolutely false. I am not doing fundraising for Mr. North or any other Virginia senatorial candidate. And for the record, I was neutral, officially supporting neither Oliver North nor James Miller in their race.

Ann Stone
Chairman, Republicans for Choice
Alexandria, Va.

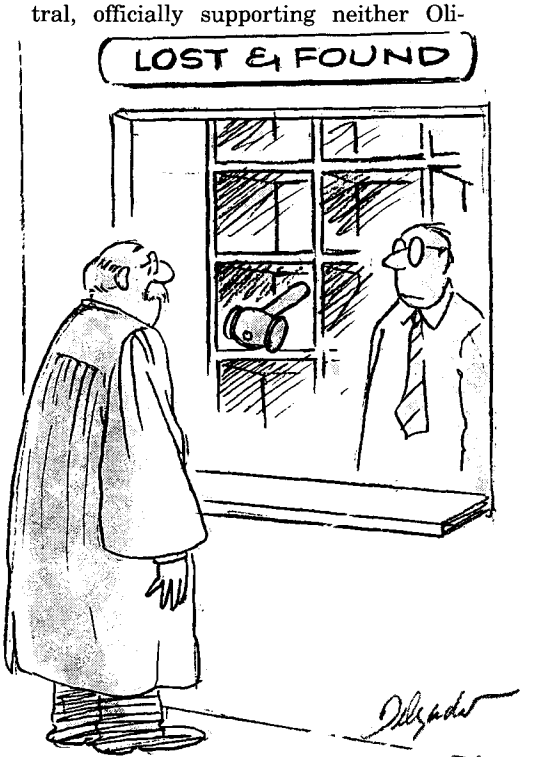
NR stands by its story: one of Mrs. Stone's companies was, if only briefly, involved in fundraising for Oliver North's Senate campaign. We can document that Mrs. Stone's Capstone Lists was hired to assemble a mailing list for Mr. North. However, when this became public knowledge, the association quickly ended, with the North campaign stating that they had not been aware of the Capstone connection. They had hired another company, they said, which evidently subcontracted to Capstone. —ED.

A Minor Correction

I enjoyed the article by J. Neil Schulman ["Medical Malpractice," May 2]. But nice as it is to see my name in print, it's even nicer when it's spelled correctly.

Mr. Schulman accurately expressed my position on Dr. Kellermann's research. However, there is some confusion about the source of my comments. I discussed this issue openly with a number of researchers at the 1993 American Society of Criminology meeting in Phoenix. While I did submit a letter to the *New England Journal of Medicine*, they did not publish it. Therefore, it is an error to ascribe my comments to the *Journal*.

David N. Cowan
Silver Spring, Md.



"In the interests of efficiency and speeding the mail, I suggest we bring back the Pony Express."

Truly Pacific

Omitted from consideration in your symposium "Blacks, Jews, Liberals, and Crime" [May 16] is the underrepresentation of Asian-Americans in United States crime statistics. The U.S. pattern holds internationally. Pacific Rim countries report only half the number of murders, rapes, and serious assaults as European countries and only one-third that of African and Caribbean countries. Using Interpol yearbooks I averaged the three types of crime across several years to find rates per 100,000 population of, respectively, 44, 74, and 143. These results, published in the 1990 issue of the *Canadian Journal of Criminology*, and discussed in my book *Race, Evolution, and Behavior*, make it clear that the cause of the disproportions must lie beyond U.S. (and Canadian) particulars.

Philippe Rushton
University of Western Ontario
London, Ont.

(Continues on page 66)

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FROM THE EDITOR

Yanks

■ I remember V-E Day well because we had a neighborhood party to celebrate it. As I recall, a table stretched the length of the street, groaning under a vast weight of cakes, sandwiches, jellies, pies, cookies, and so on.

But since British rationing at the time limited everyone to an egg and two ounces of butter a week, my memory may have exaggerated this feast. And since I was only two years old the previous June, my memories of D-Day are still hazier.

Like others, however, I have been deeply moved by the ceremonies commemorating D-Day. The sheer scale of the invasion, the heroism of the allies, the formidable obstacles confronting the invaders, and Fortune's extraordinary throws of the dice—Rommel's absence from Normandy for his wife's birthday, or the navigational mistake that landed troops at a lightly defended stretch of coast—all evoke strong emotions of admiration, wonder, patriotic pride, and, of course, relief that the invasion succeeded.

It is perhaps not odd that I, or most NATIONAL REVIEW readers, should feel such emotions. Those are the kinds of emotions we tend to feel. To my surprise, however, they have been almost universal, even among those to whom patriotism is usually suspect.

My colleague Peter Rodman diagnoses the admiring media coverage of the D-Day ceremonies as a tribute from baby-boomers to their parents who secured fifty years of freedom.

Mr. Clinton's modest speech—"We are the children of your sacrifice"—supports this view. But he also seemed to be saying something more personal: "I hope I would behave as you did in like circumstances." Or even: "I wish I *had* behaved as you did."

Did I say a tribute to "parents" above? Make that "fathers." There have been occasional strained attempts to suggest that Rosie the Riveter played an almost equal role in the liberation of Europe. But these have faded into formulaic triviality alongside the pictures of *men* leaping heavy-armed from transports into the waves, running up beaches under fire, and scaling cliffs to disable big guns.

Yes, there were brave nurses and women soldiers playing vital auxiliary roles in the rear. But the main work of fighting and dying was a male privilege. As Roosevelt's D-Day prayer put it: "Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our nation, this day have set forth upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our Republic, our religion, and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity."

Solemn and contrived though this prayer is, it actually sounds more natural than our present blather about women in combat. Or gays in the military. Yes, there were homosexuals among those who fought and died on the beaches. But they did so as "our sons" in the common cause, and not as part of some civil-rights quota.

For notice FDR's phrase "our nation." The D-Day ceremony is the remembrance of a common *American* struggle—one shared, to be sure, with British and Canadian allies, but reminding Americans of their common history and destiny.

It is the opposite of multiculturalism. Those "sons," now fathers and grandfathers, were doubtless proud members of ethnic, linguistic, and religious minorities. But those identities were absorbed into a larger American identity. They were Doughboys, GIs, or in wartime British slang, "Yanks." My father, who had spent most of the war in the British merchant navy but who found himself on D-Day Plus One anchored off Omaha Beach in an American hospital ship, the *USS Naushon*, made this point inadvertently when reminiscing about his old shipmates: "They had those American names—like Paderewski."

D-Day, by reminding us of what we used to be, inspires the hope that perhaps we can be like that again.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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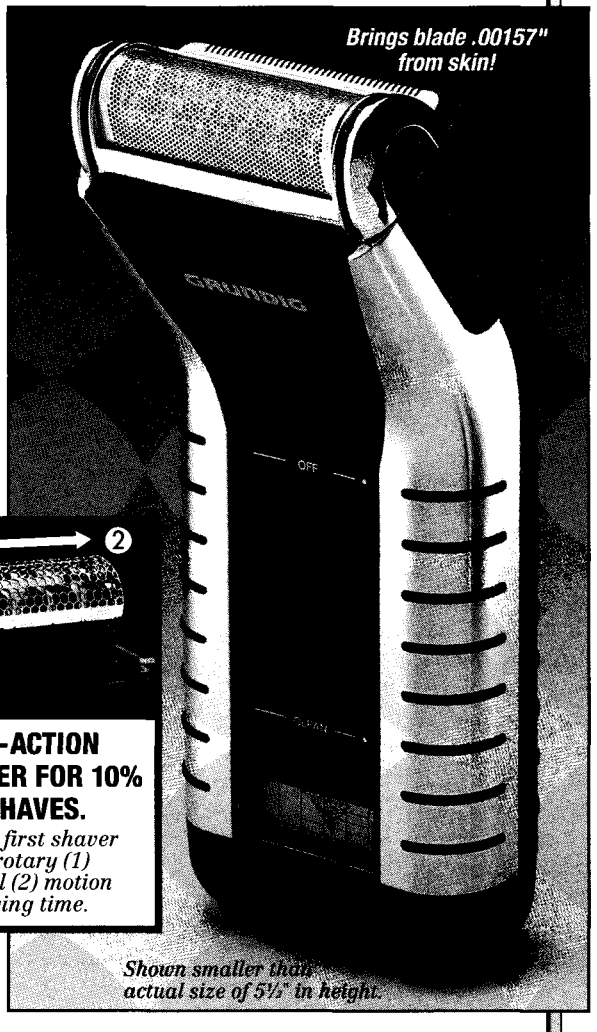
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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Clinton** European trip "full of diplomatic minefields" (*Newsday*). Bill's meeting with Italian officials—shunned by self-righteous European governments for neo-fascist ties—brought European criticism. . . . Talks with Pope **John Paul II** led to unusual Vatican response. After Clinton announced "progress" concerning John Paul's criticism of UN contraception and abortion programs, papal spokesman retorted: "If he says there was a narrowing of differences, it's clear it can be only in one sense"—Prez moving toward Pope, not vice versa. . . . Former U.S. Ambassador to Vatican **Thomas Melady** told *Washington Times* papal reception more perfunctory than past **Reagan** and **Bush** visits. . . . *Newsday* also points out Clinton aides moved him quickly through sites of Reagan '84 speeches in hopes of discouraging comparison. And Clinton's honorary degree at Oxford, where he was Sixties antiwar protestor, "scheduled for after deadlines of most U.S. news organizations."

■ Administration's demand for healthcare bill by Memorial Day flopped, with even key committee chairman **Ted Kennedy** going slow, pleading disruption caused by **Jackie Onassis**'s death. . . . Other GOP candidates following lead of Rep. **Ron Lewis** (R., Ky.), who won May 2 special election pledging, "I won't rubber-stamp Clinton's tax increase for socialized medicine." Now Rep. **Rick Santorum** (R., Pa.) making fierce attacks on opponent, Sen. **Harris Wofford**, for supporting Clinton plan. (Wofford cited "health crisis" in 1991 win against **Richard Thornburgh**.) After attacks by Rep. **Michael Huffington** (R., Calif.) (who just won nomination to challenge her), Sen. **Dianne Feinstein** (D., Calif.) has removed her name as sponsor of Administration's bill. . . . GOP House Whip **Newt Gingrich** saying he agrees with "spirit of the letter" sent by six prominent conservatives over "me-too" approach of congressional Republicans on health bill. Group was led by Eagle Forum's **Phyllis Schlafly** and direct-mail wizard **Richard Viguerie**. . . . Coalition of 85 liberal groups, charging a sellout, pressuring House Dems to oppose President on welfare reform.

■ Democratic gloom about November deepening. "Very few" Dems view Clinton as "asset in fall campaign," says Rep. **Tim Penny** (D., Minn.). . . . GOP pollsters say: Forget Prez's disapproval ratings. Key datum is less than 40 per cent favoring Clinton re-election (**Gallup**)—bad numbers for a President in economic good times. . . . Buoyed thus far by economy, Dems nervous over May decline in retail sales and slackening of housing boom. *Business Week* reports Bill's Oval Office explosions against Federal Reserve for raising interest rates heard down the hall. . . . Corruption-in-Congress issue also a Dem problem. Indictment of House power-baron **Dan Rostenkowski** (D., Ill.) highlights forty years of one-party rule in House. (17 felony counts show Rosty "doing the work of three congressmen," says **Jay Leno**.) . . . Before May recess, GOP delivered ultimatum to Dem leadership: hearings on Whitewater scandal by July or another public vote.

■ Upturn in GOP fortunes sparking Pavlovian response from major media—3 stories on same day (June 2) aimed at weakening party's stance on social issues. *New York Times* ran usual (about bi-monthly) **Richard Berke** story on GOP's "divisive" Religious Right. ABC's *Prime Time Live* had puff piece on Mass. Gov. **William Weld**, calling Weld's pro-gay-rights, pro-abortion stand wave of GOP future. Worst offender was CNN. Heavily one-sided piece by reporter **Gene Randall** inverted polling data on pro-life question and even suggested Bush's loss due to anti-abortion position. CNN report also trotted out former RNC co-chairman **Mary Crisp**, a D.C. laughing-stock since 1980 brouhaha over allegations her phone was tapped. ("Suspicious wires" Sherlock Crisp uncovered in her office were from piped-in Muzak system.)

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■ Returning to homeland from Vermont exile, **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn** asked Russians to remember Gulag's victims. . . . U.S. and Russia no longer pointing nuclear missiles at each other following May re-targeting. But new nuclear fear cited by FBI chief **Louis Freeh**. Announcing opening of new office in Moscow, FBI boss says Russian mobsters trying to steal nuclear weapons for resale abroad. . . . **Yeltsin** government has told NATO it wants close relationship, but it had to cancel joint U.S.–Russian military exercises after nationalist protests. . . . **Lech Walesa** will seek second term as Poland's president. . . . Lesson for South Africa? In Zimbabwe, poll conducted by **Thomson** Foundation of Cardiff, Wales, indicates 85 per cent of black township dwellers around Harare prefer **Ian Smith**—last white leader of Rhodesia, forced out by Western blockade in 1978—to autocratic black president **Robert Mugabe**.

■ Conservative chic? Host of New York book party for **Cal Thomas**'s *The Things That Matter Most*—a critique of Sixties-style permissiveness—is Ted Kennedy. Sponsors for **Christopher Buckley**'s *Thank You for Smoking* were **Art Buchwald**, *Washington Monthly*'s **Charlie Peters**, and **G. Gordon Liddy**. . . . **Tony Bennett**, 67, explains why he's a cult figure on MTV. Ever-hip crooner says kids today are "so far out, they're starting to respect their parents again."

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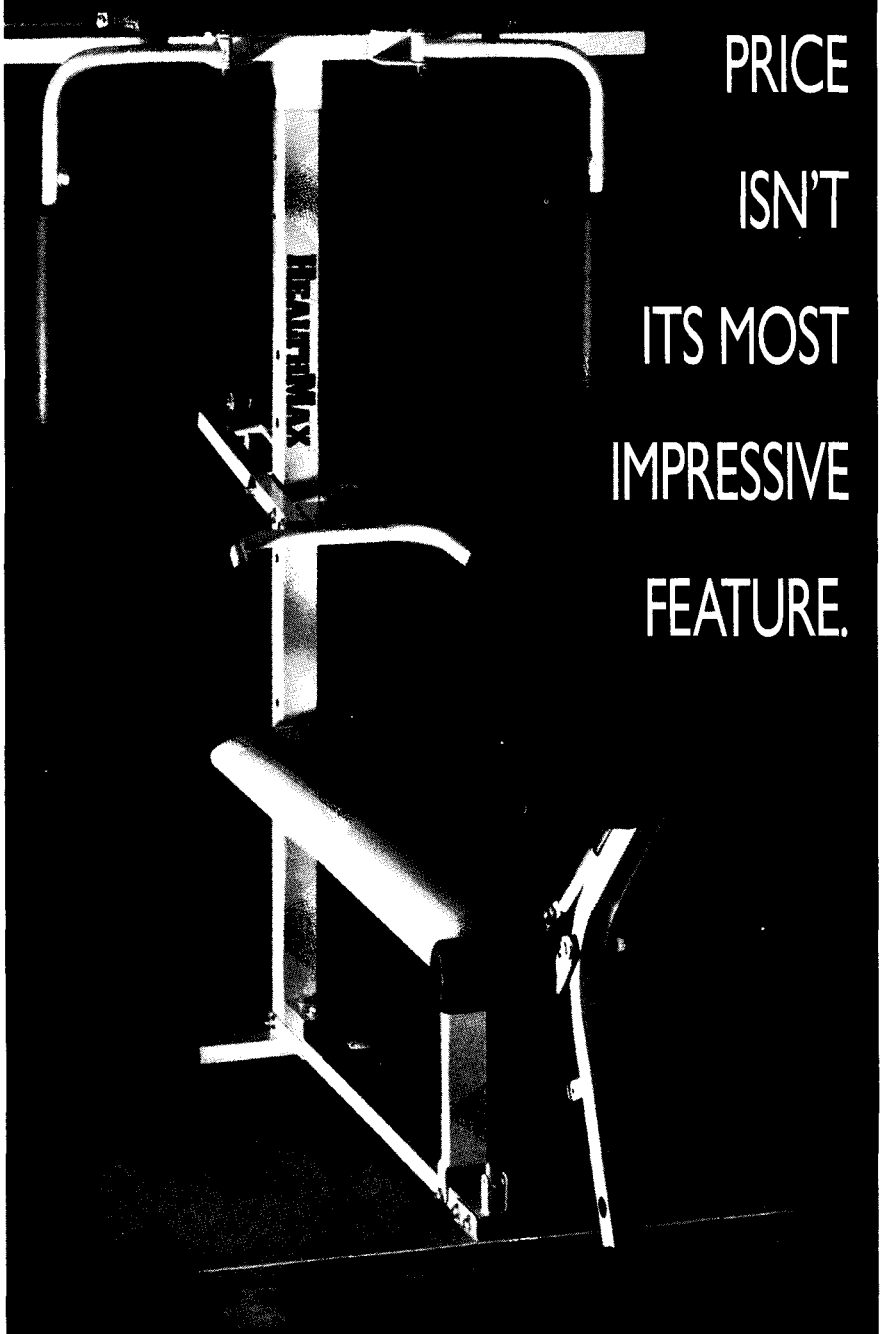

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THE WEEK

■ After parting company with high-powered and high-priced lawyer Robert Bennett by mutual consent, Dan Rostenkowski has hired Dan Webb, a Chicago attorney, who will present a "vigorous and compelling defense." It is speculated that Mr. Webb will charge only ten sheets of first-class stamps per hour, about seven sheets less than Mr. Bennett.

■ Because even the most innocent remark can turn into a double entendre in President Clinton's mouth, his speech at the D-Day commemoration was awaited with some trepidation. In the event it was a success: a fitting and modest tribute to those who had fought for freedom on the Normandy beaches. But Mr. Clinton's supporters were nervous enough to take precautions against one particular disaster, namely unflattering comparisons with President Reagan's eloquent Normandy speeches of a decade ago. Softening the memory of Mr. Clinton's draft-dodging (and blurring some vital distinctions in the process), the *New York Times* reminded us that Mr. Reagan had also been a "noncombatant." In *The New Republic*, the usually genial Michael Kinsley had a fit of, ahem, meanspiritedness. Mr. Reagan, he sniffed, had been "ostensibly" barred from combat because of poor eyesight; but "like so much of the Reagan myth, this matter has never been nailed down." Unfortunately for Mr. Kinsley and the *Times*, Edmund Morris, Mr. Reagan's official biographer, proceeded to nail it down good and hard. In a letter to the *Washington Post*, where Mr. Kinsley's column had also appeared, he wrote: "Documents preserved at the National Archives' Personnel Record Center at St. Louis show that Mr. Reagan applied for a commission in the U.S. Army Enlisted Corps on Feb. 27, 1935, when he was still a radio announcer in Des Moines. He was accepted for training as a cavalry officer, and after completing nine courses (at an average grade of 90.6 per cent) was made a second lieutenant on June 18, 1937. Reserve-officer status made him an early prospect for draft into the Regular Army in the summer of 1941. By then he was a rising star at Warner Brothers, and the studio pleaded vehemently for deferments. His only personal request, as a married man and father, was to be excused active duty 'until war is actually declared, at which time I will be more than glad to serve my country.' On Nov. 13, 1941, Lt. Reagan was subjected to physical examination at Fort MacArthur, Calif., and declared 'permanently incapacitated for Active Duty due to compound myopic astigmatism—bilateral, severe—distant vision 6/200 both eyes without glasses.' This meant that should he pop his scleral contact lenses in battle, a hostile body clearly visible to normal-sighted soldiers at 200 feet would have to approach to 6 feet before Mr. Reagan focused on it. Not surprisingly, he was denied an AD posting, and ordered to 'limited service' in San Francisco on April 14, 1942. I will not detail Mr. Reagan's subsequent rise to the adjutancy of the 18th USAAF Base at Culver City, except to say it was as honorable, and dreary, as that of any other young soldier compelled to stay stateside after Pearl Harbor. They also served who only stood and waited, and typed and cooked and catalogued and filmed without imagining that any of their children would consider such conduct craven half a century later." Dismissed.

■ If Republicans had any gumption, there would be a freeze on *any* health-care legislation this year, both on principled grounds (to avoid ruining America's health-care system) and on political grounds (to appeal to a public that remains skeptical of grandiose health-care solutions). Instead, Congress may pass a universal-coverage bill that will set up a national health board, foist a new health bureaucracy on every community in America, and essentially eliminate insurance through community rating. Republicans on the Senate Finance Committee—led by Bob Packwood—are now ginning up a bill along these lines with Chairman Daniel Patrick Moynihan. It could well become the "bipartisan" impetus

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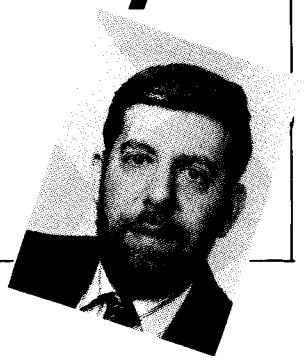

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> Just how incompetent a teacher can be and still keep the job was illustrated by an extreme case in South Carolina, where a school tried to get rid of a teacher who had been warned repeatedly about her poor teaching and poor English. At a hearing where she was given a ten-word vocabulary test, she could neither pronounce nor define the word "agrarian." She could pronounce the word "suffrage" but defined it as "people suffering from some reason or other." The word "ratify" she defined as "to get rid of something." In her own defense, she said: "I'm not saying I was the best, but I don't think I did more harm than anyone else." A judge ordered her reinstated.

Walter Williams, himself a distinguished professor of economics, sums up Dr. Sowell's achievement in the *Washington Times*:

> "We all know about the poor and deteriorating state of education in America, but we don't know all the reasons why. *Inside American Education* gives us the fullest list of particulars that I have seen ... names, dates and places on how the education establishment from kindergarten to college is destroying our children's prospects for the future, all the while taking taxpayers, parents and private foundations to the cleaners."

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for action in a House too nervous to get out ahead on a new, massive government program. This, of course, is what Senator John Chafee has been pushing for since last fall. And in current circumstances, he and other "moderates" (Durenberger, Danforth, Jeffords, Kassebaum, Bond) would not be compromising on a health bill so much as engineering one—defying the polls, fiscal sense, and their own party's interests. Whatever that is, it isn't "pragmatism." Meanwhile, Minority Leader Bob Dole looks increasingly unable to keep his party from sleeping with the enemy. Hence, Messrs. Packwood, Chafee, et al. may get the chance to install a new unfunded entitlement at the very moment when existing entitlements are busting the budget. And whatever *that* is, it isn't "moderation."

■ In the latest primaries, a conservative momentum: Ron "Who?" Unz in California won more than 30 per cent of the vote against incumbent Pete Wilson, demonstrating deep dissatisfaction with a governor who had raised taxes and shoved most of the conservative agenda overboard. Mr. Wilson survived only by discovering the hot immigration issue which has even Barbara Boxer sounding like Pat Buchanan. Now it's Wilson versus Democrat Kathleen Brown—two chameleons whose current conservative coloring tells us how the voters feel. Elsewhere, Iowa's Governor Terry Branstad beat back a challenge from three-term Congressman Fred Grandy, who had waged a primary fight to "re-capture the heart and soul of this party" from religious activists; his loss means a setback for the GOP faction that apes Democratic scare tactics about the Religious Right. If it won't play in Iowa, it won't play anywhere.

■ Bob Woodward's new book on the Clinton White House reveals Bill has "purple fits"; political advisor Paul Begala calls OMB chief Leon Panetta the "poster boy of economic constipation"; and Hillary is not only co-President but "de facto chief of staff." Clinton aides, in Europe for the Normandy ceremonies, were dissembling all over the continent as everyone else wondered how one reporter gets so many high government officials to say such imprudent things. Well, Mr. Woodward, like any good investigative reporter, gives his sources—most of whom have seen *All the President's Men* and are already flattered to be chatting with Robert Redford—a measure of control over what he will write about them. In his earlier Gulf War and Dan Quayle books, Mr. Woodward's accounts were fairly flattering to their subjects. The truth about the Clinton White House proves less felicitous—revealing "the chaos, absolute chaos," as Mr. Woodward put it on *60 Minutes*, currently reigning at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The Clinton regime has seemed for some time now like a high-velocity Carter Administration. But Jimmy Carter's "incompetence" stigma did not become permanent until late in his term, following the aborted 1980 Desert One hostage-rescue attempt. President Clinton may not be so lucky. Look now for speculation that for the sake of the country and the Democratic Party the President may wish to do the heroic thing—and look too for stories about how Al Gore is tan, rested, and ready.

■ Congressmen Robert Andrews (D., N.J.) and Bill Zeliff (R., N.H.), remember, went out and got 218 of their colleagues to co-sponsor a bill—the A to Z bill—that would for 56 glorious hours make a happy hunting ground of the federal pork farm. So the special session is imminent and a lot of wasteful programs are about to get the axe, right? Wrong. One reason federal spending is so high is that under the House rules powerful committee chairmen can bottle up bills like A to Z—and that's fine with House members who like to boast to constituents about co-sponsoring spending cuts but don't want to anger special-interest groups and the House leadership by actually voting for them. Ah, but Andrews & Zeliff thought of that and found a way around it—"the discharge petition," which, if enough of the orignal 218 co-sponsors sign it, can bring A to Z out of committee and to the floor for a vote. Not surprisingly, however, some of A to Z's co-sponsors want no part of a petition that will actually permit them to do what they've told their constituents they want to do. Still, Andrews & Zeliff were making converts—until in stepped Charles Stenholm (D., Tex.), who has his own idea for a special-session bill, which he modestly calls A-plus to Z. OK, so Andrews & Zeliff & Stenholm should get together, right? Yeah, but, you see, you can't trust old Charley Stenholm—he was last year's showboater on the Clinton tax increase, getting plenty of ink about how he wouldn't vote with the Administration because it hadn't cut spending enough but then going along with it after all (although he changed back on the final vote). Meanwhile, the *New York Times* thinks the whole A-to-Z idea dreadfully ill advised and House Speaker Thomas Foley is positively incensed. Accordingly, we wish Andrews & Zeliff well and wonder, by the way,

Ollie, Rampant

With Clinton's entourage defined
("An earring and an axe to grind"),
He tugs like Hamelin's piper, though
With both hands full of bombs to throw.
The Gipper's head begins to throb,
And hope eternal succors Robb.

W. H. VON DREELE

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where is big-bucks and thunder-ouside-the-Beltway-about-the-federal-deficit Ross Perot now that he can do something more useful then defeat George Bush, elect Bill Clinton, and rail against free trade?

■ We liked Robert Bennett's advice that his high-powered political client make a deal and resign. But where does Dan Rostenkowski come into all this?

■ A new law signed by President Clinton imposes fines and prison terms on those who use violence to block access to abortion clinics. These punishments aren't the point of the legislation: they merely duplicate existing state law. Its true purpose is found in another provision, which imposes fines of $10,000 to $25,000 and 18-month prison terms on those who block clinics using *non*-violent means—such as lying down in front of the entrance. An interesting question: What is the other federal right guarded so fiercely against civil disruption? Answer: the right to free worship (except, of course, if the civil disruptor is ACT-UP, when the right is hardly guarded at all). There is also a right to freedom of speech and publishing. But nobody would place you in federal prison for lying down in front of the truck carrying your local newspaper to market (admittedly, you might be placed in a coffin). Under Mr. Clinton, the Federal Government has come to see abortion as something more than a surgical procedure. It is quickly achieving the status of a sanctified act; you could almost say a sacrament.

■ The latest illustration of government begetting government comes from Florida. Governor Lawton Chiles has authorized a suit against the tobacco companies to recover state Medicaid dollars spent on residents with smoking-related diseases. Once health care becomes a public charge, government has an interest in making sure that individuals don't do unhealthful things and that companies don't encourage unhealthful habits. After Florida is done suing McDonald's, Budweiser, and Hershey for their contributions to the depletion of the state's treasury, perhaps it can turn to the worst culprits of all—pharmaceutical manufacturers, who are responsible for the steadily aging population of the country, many of whom eventually find their way to Governor Chiles's state.

■ Save Our State (SOS), the California citizens' movement co-sponsored by the California Coalition for Immigration Reform (CCIR), is seeking to place an initiative on the ballot this November that would deny illegal aliens state-funded health care, welfare, and education. To get the initiative on the ballot, SOS had to submit 386,000 valid signatures by May 16. On that date, SOS submitted approximately 600,000 valid signatures. (The number would have been much larger, but the Post Office "lost" thousands of signed petitions that had been mailed to SOS headquarters.) Orange County has already completed the validation of its SOS signatures; the validation rate was 83 per cent, the highest ever known in the state. Meanwhile, the California Secretary of State sought to quash the whole effort, alleging that the deadline haf been May 1. SOS provided proof that it was May 16, and the secretary has not been heard from since. This action shows, however, the lengths to which opponents will go to prevent citizens from voting on the SOS initiative. If it *is* finally placed on the ballot, SOS will have monitors at the polling stations to ensure that government officials do not "lose" the votes.

■ President Clinton has dismissed talk that he'll shake up his foreign-policy team. It was rumored that he would replace either Curly, Larry or Moe.

■ Rwanda, bleeding, fades in and out of the headlines, and UN Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali bitterly chastises the world community for its indifference. For once, he has a point. Estimates of the dead in this genocidal tribal war now range from 200,000 to half a million. The Security Council has issued a call for 5,500 soldiers for a UN force—a woefully inadequate number—while the Hutu-led government blocks even UN mediators from the capital. Fourteen African nations have pledged troops for the UN force, but it still exists only on paper. Those who are wary of excessive UN peacekeeping ambitions have to acknowledge here a case where the UN is neither strong or active *enough*. Some strengthening of the UN's administrative capability in this area—and further immediate pressure on governments by the Security Council—is warranted. If regional forces under UN supervision prove unable to halt wholesale slaughter, the pressure will grow for a permanent UN force, in effect Mr. Boutros-Ghali's private army.

■ The *New York Times* has published an extravagantly martyrological tribute to the "NEA Four": the four artists (Holly Hughes, Karen Finley, John Fleck, Tim Miller) whose NEA grants were cancelled, then reinstated, then increased by *compensatory* grants from President Clinton. In the same spirit, we propose that somebody commission an update of Puccini's *La Bohème*, to commemorate the travails of the Four. Act I: Four struggling performance artists sing, dance, and rub chocolate on themselves in their SoHo loft. Unexpectedly Mimì (John Frohnmayer) appears at the door, asking to borrow a candle. Rodolfo (Miss Finley) is smitten by Mimì, who offers generous grants to the four artists on the assumption that she can get the money from a wealthy benefactor, Alcindoro. All rejoice, singing,

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"O soave fortuna!" ("O sweet fortune!"). Act II: At the Café Momus, a chic Tribeca hangout, the artists and Mimì join Alcindoro (George Bush) for a late-night feast. Schaunard (Mr. Fleck) previews his newly funded performance art: urinating on the table and simulating a sex act. When Alcindoro retreats to the restroom, the artists exit, leaving him with the café bill. Act III: Outside an expensive gallery on 57th Street, Mimì has come seeking Rodolfo, to inform him the grants will be cancelled because Alcindoro's wife (Patrick Buchanan) has become enraged at his generosity. Rodolfo sings, *"Censura!"* ("Censorship!"). At this point Alcindoro, who has been hiding behind a tree, steps forward and says the grants will be restored. The artist Marcello (Miss Hughes) appears in a costume of scanty undergarments, singing, *"Che gelido effetto!"* ("Ah, a chilling effect!"). Act IV: The artists find Mimì in the SoHo loft, dying pitifully on a couch. Anguished, they cry out, "Me! Me!" Bill Clinton and Jane Alexander (themselves) enter, carrying checkbooks. The visitors pass out new grants of $5,000 to $8,000 per person, plus additional payments of $6,000 each, "as compensation for invasion of privacy." All exit, singing, *"Che cominci il risanamento"* ("Let the healing process begin").

■ President Clinton is having trouble being taken seriously by the North Koreans. Maybe if he said, "Read my lips: No new nukes."

Points North

WELL, Ollie North has done it again. He has defied what seemed like most of the civilized world, including *NR*, to win the Republican nomination for the Senate in Virginia. There's no denying the man's resiliency or verve.

He'll need them both. For Mr. North is stomping on the GOP's most treacherous fault-line—the divide between Christian Right and party establishment—which, in the South in general and in Virginia especially, threatens to derail a party on its way to hegemony. Moderate Republican opposition to North has more to do with his political style, with its visceral appeal to the party's activist, evangelical wing and to anti-establishment Perot voters, than with any Iran–Contra skulduggery. If uprightness is what concerns Senator John Warner, he would not, in 1993, have spurned Mike Farris, a sterling family man whose chief political failing was candor.

What the Warners of the party want is for the Christian Right to vote and volunteer, but otherwise leave the party grandees to run the show. In the good old days Mr. Warner didn't get headaches from state party affairs—the GOP just lost, quietly. The nostalgia for the old losing ways can be seen in the independent candidate he has chosen to put up against Mr. North: two-time gubernatorial loser Marshall Coleman, who as we go to press has managed another flip-flop on abortion. Mr. Coleman, possessing neither conviction nor charisma, is an Identikit Republican loser.

Of course, Mr. North has flaws of his own. But he won the nomination fair and square. Said one North delegate: "I held my nose for Coleman; I held my nose for Warner. But now that we've got a nomination, suddenly it's rule or ruin."

This time it may not matter. A Coleman candidacy (which Bob Dole, in an ominous display of flawed judgment, has hinted he might support) and the entry of Doug Wilder into the race would be likely to boost Mr. North's chances. But if moderates continue to preach tolerance rather than practice it in intra-party disputes, Christian conservatives will take a walk—either into a new party or out of politics altogether. Since they account for about 28 per cent of the Republican vote, that would halt both the Clinton-era string of GOP victories and any hope that the Republicans could form a majority—ever.

Mr. Clinton, who notices such things, is vigorously wooing the evangelical vote. At present Paula Jones is a greater obstacle to this endeavor than anyone in the GOP—and John Warner a bigger help than any Democrat.

The Rostenkowski Effect

Like the Chinese water torture
  Dripping on the pate
Of a poor unfortunate who
  Won't cooperate,
Seventeen indictments due to
  Dangle for a year
Drive House Democrats to drink, though
  Newt is of good cheer.

W. H. VON DREELE

Green-Eyeshade Greenspan

IT NEVER seemed to make sense when Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan, allegedly a free-market conservative, kept praising President Clinton's high-tax policies in various congressional hearings last year. Nor did anyone understand why he compromised Fed independence by sitting next to Hillary Clinton at the President's first State of the Union speech. Now light dawns. Mr. Greenspan was the chief architect of Clintonomics—or so says *Washington Post* reporter Bob Woodward in his latest

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book, *The Agenda*. It was Mr. Greenspan who persuaded President Clinton to renege on the middle-class tax cut, probably the most important economic promise made during the 1992 campaign. He also talked Mr. Clinton into a steep energy tax, paid largely by middle-class families and small businesses. This created a credibility gap from which the President still hasn't recovered.

And Mr. Greenspan somehow convinced President Clinton to tie his economic fortunes to the bond market, even though candidate Clinton had repeatedly trashed Wall Street "greed" during the campaign. He also argued that a $140-billion deficit reduction by 1997 was essential to reducing long-term interest rates, and thus to stimulating housing and business investment. This was not only bad politics, but bad economics. There is no clear link between deficits and interest rates: in the three years to 1993, a $271-billion average deficit didn't prevent interest rates from dropping to thirty-year lows; and even a blue-smoke-and-mirrors $170-billion deficit estimate for FY1995 couldn't prevent this year's explosive rise in rates.

While the Greenspan formula seemed to work in practice in 1993, as bond yields dropped briefly to 5¾ per cent, Mr. Clinton must be feeling betrayed in 1994 as prices collapsed and yields shot up as high as 7½ per cent. For if last year's low interest rates boosted growth this year, then this year's high rates may well foreshadow a 1995 slump.

POLITICAL NOTEBOOK

■ **Rhode Island:** In the effort to defeat liberals in Congress, we have usually found Democrats in our cross-hairs. However, we now examine John Chafee, a three-term senator with perhaps the most liberal voting record on the Republican side of the aisle.

He voted with Clinton on three of the first eight budget votes; came out for repealing the ban on gays in the military; advocates abortion rights and federal funding for abortion. He opposed President Bush's efforts to defeat family- and medical-leave bills, and supported Mr. Bush in passing the Clean Air and Water Acts. Most recently, he has been a leading supporter of his own managed-competition health plan, and if the Democrats were to bring a plan to the floor he would probably be among the handful of Republican senators to support it.

Mr. Chafee was the governor of Rhode Island in the Sixties and entered the United States Senate in 1976. A well-liked Republican in a heavily Democratic state, he has never faced a primary challenge—until this year.

Thomas Post was Rhode Island state chairman for Pat Buchanan's 1992 presidential campaign. He plans to demonstrate that Senator Chafee's high-tax, expansive-regulation policies have cost this state thousands of jobs over the last few years. He will offer instead to vote for lower taxes and for any health-care reform that relies on the free market and not on government intervention and mandates.

Mr. Post, president of an underwater diving and maintenance company, hopes that a combination of his conservative message, the anti-incumbent mood, and the fact that he has signed up close to six thousand new voters (including some Democrats) for the Republican primary will be enough to defeat Mr. Chafee on September 13. Nearly as important, however, Mr. Post's candidacy will signal to Senator Chafee that if he plans to remain a Republican he will have to start acting like one.

If Senator Chafee wins renomination, he is likely to glide to victory in November—unless an independent or third-party candidate enters the field before the June 27 filing date. Calling Rhode Island conservatives: You must be a U.S. citizen, thirty years old, and able to paint Mr. Chafee as a liberal. What's the problem?

■ **Missouri:** Six-term left-wing Representative Alan Wheat has decided to leave the House and run for the open Senate seat created by Republican John Danforth's retirement. There are in turn a dozen Democrats registered for the August primary to fill Wheat's now-open seat.

There are also three Republicans on the ballot. John Osgood, a former prosecutor, wants no new taxes, but thinks a rollback would be irresponsible. He says, "all Americans are entitled to health care," but opposes the Clinton plan. Larry Fournier is on the ballot, but shows no sign of actively campaigning. Which leaves Ron Freeman, a Kansas City community-service worker and professional football player, who ran second in the 1992 primary. Since then, he has been gathering grass-roots support, including from distraught Democrats.

Freeman, 34 and black, would like not just to roll back Clinton and Bush taxes but also to institute the kind of family tax credits that Representative John Kasich advocates. He hopes there is no legislative action on health care this year, so that legislation fostering market forces and consumer choice can be put forward in the next session. He is pro-life.

The district is 55 per cent Democratic and roughly 40 per cent Republican. To overcome that disadvantage, Mr. Freeman plans to appeal to Democrats (even getting some to vote for him in the GOP primary) by pointing to inner-city distress, welfare failures, and declining educational standards. He can't beat the Democrat, however, unless Republican voters put him on the ballot.

—Geoffrey Morris

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The last austerity-minded bond-market President who broke a no-tax pledge was George Bush. Nick Brady and Richard Darman put through their high-tax budget deal to assuage bond traders, but they forgot there are more Main Street voters than Wall Street traders. The latter love austerity, but the former want growth and jobs. And so Mr. Bush lost his job, and Mr. Clinton may follow suit in due course. But he will not be the only victim. Before this latest cycle runs its course, Main Street will again suffer. Bond traders have already done so.

Good Korea Move

THE Clinton Administration is gradually waking up to the fact that its illusory diplomacy over a year and a half has utterly failed to stop North Korea's deadly nuclear-weapons program. On June 3, the International Atomic Energy Agency formally declared that North Korea's obstruction of inspection and diversion of plutonium from its Yongbyon reactor have rendered it irrevocably in violation of non-proliferation obligations. Some of the mushy-headedness persists—"The door is still open for them to become part of the world's community, and that's what we want," Mr. Clinton lamely declared—but meanwhile the United States has begun to explore economic sanctions at the UN Security Council. The U.S. has also begun to reinforce its military presence in South Korea and has also indicated that it might work with friendly nations *outside* the Security Council if it is unable to agree on sanctions. As the North threatens war, the Administration coolly stands its ground.

For the Clinton Administration, this is gutsiness of a high order. And they did all this without Sam Nunn going on a hunger strike.

They will now discover that a display of resolve works wonders diplomatically. South Korea is finding new courage. Russia and China, though still fending off U.S. pressures for sanctions, are pulling in their horns: Boris Yeltsin took pains to assure the South Korean president that Russia no longer felt bound by the old Soviet North Korean Friendship Treaty; and a Peking-controlled newspaper in Hong Kong warned North Korea that it would not be able to withstand sanctions if they were imposed by China, Japan, and the United States.

Economic sanctions, we all know, don't usually work very effectively. But in this case, the military

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alternatives for the U.S. are not attractive, and the isolated North Korean economy—and aging regime—might be more vulnerable than most. In any case, it must be made clear that there is *some* cost imposed for defying the world community in the nuclear realm. The other rogue nations (Iran, Iraq, Libya) are watching closely.

What is needed now is a single-minded U.S. diplomatic drive for an economic blockade. No further dilatory or watered-down resolutions can be tolerated. We need to demonstrate to China and Russia that the political costs to them, too, of foot-dragging have now gone up steeply. We have consulted scrupulously with them; further nay-saying on their part is evasion and obstruction. We need also to reinforce our 38,000 troops in South Korea more rapidly and impressively than heretofore—it's a scandal that we have waited so long.

Conservatives will support the President if he acts decisively in this case, where significant U.S. strategic interests are involved. Representative Benjamin Gilman's bill supporting the President's use of "any

RIGHT DATA

Eyeing the Golden Goose

THEEEY'RE BACK. One year after the unsuccessful effort to tax pension contributions, Washington has the itch again. This time it's your life insurance.

Under current law people who buy whole life insurance pay no tax on the investment income generated by the premiums. This makes perfect sense. "Inside buildup," the term for such income, is held within the policy and is therefore not available to pay taxes. Policyholders who redeem their policies prior to death are taxed on this income. But to impose a tax on future insurance distributions is like asking homeowners to pay taxes on the unrealized capital gains in their home.

HOUSEHOLD FINANCIAL ASSETS
($ Billions)

	1980	1993	Increase
Cash and Deposits	$1,823	$ 4,176	129.1%
Pensions and Life Insurance	1,165	5,265	351.9
Stocks and Mutual Funds	1,021	4,093	300.9
Business Equity	1,864	2,221	19.2
Bank Trusts	219	659	200.9
U.S. Government Securities	217	463	113.4
Other	90	353	292.2
Total	$6,399	$17,230	169.3%

Source: Federal Reserve

The argument against taxation goes beyond mere convenience. People buy insurance (and, for that matter, stocks, bonds, and other investments) with dollars that have already been taxed. When Washington taxes the income generated by such investments it is, in effect, taxing the same income twice. This double taxation affects most forms of investment income in the United States. It explains much of our anemic personal savings rate.

Yet the Congressional Budget Office scores the inside-buildup provision as a "tax expenditure" that costs the government $10 billion a year. Budget Director Leon Panetta reportedly proposed restricting the "loophole" to help pay for the Clinton welfare plan.

The tax-preferred status of life insurance and pension plans has helped make them the largest and fastest-growing form of household savings—which is what caught the eye of the tax-and-spend crowd. In 1992 the then Federal Reserve economist Alicia Munnell suggested levying a 15 per cent tax on employer contributions as well as on the annual earnings of pension plans, transferring $51 billion from pension recipients to the Federal Government.

That's just the start. Miss Munnell, now assistant Treasury secretary for economic policy, worries that in the switch to her system, existing pension-fund assets might escape taxation entirely. Her solution? A one-time 15 per cent tax on all existing private pension-plan assets in the United States. At current levels, this would yield a whopping $720 billion.

So far these are only the personal views of Alicia Munnell. They are consistent with the class-warfare themes developed by the Clinton Administration, however. Pension coverage is concentrated among higher-income workers. In 1988, for example, 73 per cent of salaried workers earning over $50,000 were covered by a plan, compared to only 30 per cent of those earning less than $20,000. Pension income accounts for only 3 per cent of the retirement benefits of the poorest fifth of households, compared to 49 per cent for the wealthiest fifth.

But pensions are also the single largest support of the U.S. stock and bond markets. They underwrite projects that enhance the productivity of *all* workers, rich and poor alike. That's the point that Miss Munnell and others of her ilk seem to have missed.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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means necessary and appropriate" (H.J.Res. 292) is a good place to start.

New Mexican Revolution

THE August 21 presidential election in Mexico approaches, but there is no progress in the investigation of who killed PRI candidate Luis Donaldo Colosio in Tijuana on March 23. On the contrary, the powers that be seem to have decided that a dose of truth might be too dangerous.

After several early arrests and public recognition that the assassination was most likely the result of a conspiracy, the authorities have now backed off. It was a lone gunman, the official version goes. Few Mexicans believe this, and with good reason. For example: Tijuana's police chief, Federico Benítez, was focusing his investigation in April on Colosio's "security" detail. Benítez announced that his files on the security team had been stolen and that he had been threatened—and he was murdered himself on April 28.

Rumors suggest that reactionary elements of the ruling PRI, drug traffickers, or both had Colosio and then Benítez killed. The same people will fight any modernizing government in Mexico, whether it is headed by the PRI's candidate, Ernesto Zedillo, or the conservative PAN's Diego Fernández de Cevallos. Sooner or later these forces must be confronted, if Mexico is to continue economic and political modernization. Far better to press the investigation where it leads, and let the Mexican people decide at the polls what to make of it all.

They are better able to do that now, after the May 12 debate among the three candidates—those mentioned plus the leftist PRD's Cuauthémoc Cárdenas. Cárdenas was hopelessly wooden and often confused, Zedillo boring, and Fernández the clear winner.

This year, for the first time ever, Mexico has invited international observers to monitor its elections. If the PRI claims victory in the face of opposition protests, Mexico will have its least legitimate government since the Revolution and may encounter violent protests. Still, the outcome of this election is actually in doubt. That itself is a revolution.

Whose Science Is Gored?

VICE PRESIDENT GORE is no rocket scientist, but he is smart enough to know that the global-warming catastrophe theory is, well, flawed. However, "warming" is an invaluable political weapon in the environmentalist war against the bourgeoisie, and Mr. Gore doesn't want to lose it. Knowing that the theory won't stand up to the scrutiny of science, he goes after scientists.

If they are inside government, like William Happer at the Department of Energy, Mr. Gore has them fired. If they rely on government grants, like Hugh Ellsaesser of the Livermore National Laboratory, he gets the word through that their money will be cut off unless they shut up. If they are outside his direct reach, he smears them. Witness the Veep's assault on the mild-mannered S. Fred Singer, professor of environmental sciences at the University of Virginia and head of the Science and Environmental Policy Project. Ted Koppel revealed on *Nightline* early this year that Mr. Gore had personally called him to urge that he investigate Dr. Singer's supposed industry connections.

It now transpires that Mr. Gore was up to his neck in another attempt to manipulate the "warming" fight. Mr. Gore had written that it was Roger Revelle, a professor of his at Harvard, who first kindled his interest in global warming, and the Veep has frequently represented Professor Revelle as a believer like himself. So it was inconvenient when Revelle's name appeared along with Dr. Singer's as co-authors of a 1991 article expressing skepticism about the scare.

The piece had little impact until more than a year later, when commentator Gregg Easterbrook drew attention to it. In the meantime Revelle had died of a heart attack. Mr. Gore responded to Mr. Easterbrook—we now know—by personally calling a colleague of Revelle's at Harvard, Justin Lancaster, and suggesting that Dr. Singer had taken advantage of Dr. Revelle's deteriorating health to procure his signature on the co-authored piece. After exchanging many faxes with Vice President Gore's staffers, Dr. Lancaster took up this theme of malfeasance—eventually provoking Dr. Singer to file a defamation suit.

That suit was settled last week in Professor Singer's favor with a statement by Dr. Lancaster fully recanting and apologizing: ". . . I retract as unwarranted any and all statements, oral and written, I have made which imply that Professor Revelle was not a true and voluntary co-author . . ."

Mr. Gore has meanwhile gone to ground. Have things warmed up too much for him?

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you might like to know that your alma mater (Yale) and mine (The University of Alabama) have at long last been included on the same august list of universities. The editors of *Sassy* magazine have seen fit to rank Alabama among the "Ten Most Un-Sassy Schools in America" for its "politics of ex-

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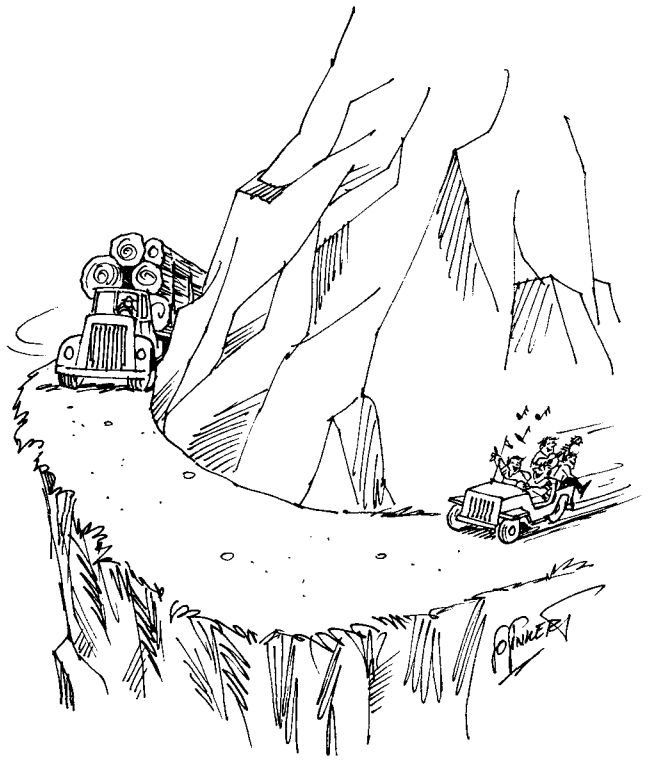

"They'll be comin' around the mountain . . ."

clusion," its Greek system, and its "limited opportunities for women." Yale makes the list because you went there. And here I thought part of your charm *was* your sassiness.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas L. Weathington Jr.
Huntsville, Ala.

Dear Mr. Weathington: **Sas-sy** . . . 1. Rude and disrespectful; impudent. 2. Lively and spirited; jaunty. 3. Stylish; chic; *a sassy little hat*. . . . You have which in mind? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

NR's recent article on "Handicapping the GOP" set me to thinking (as your articles usually do). Consequently, I hereby offer the following nominations for a successful Republican Administration in 1996. Assuming some large egos could be successfully controlled, this Administration would include influential members of most "wings" of the Republican Party, and would also put into leadership positions those individuals who have proven expertise in a particular aspect of government. I think it's a "dream ticket."

President: Jack Kemp
Vice-President: William Bennett
Secretary of State: Jeane Kirkpatrick
Secretary of Defense: Colin Powell, Sam Nunn, or John McCain
Secretary of the Treasury: Phil Gramm
Budget Director: Steve Forbes
Secretary of HHS: Elizabeth Dole
Secretary of Education: Thomas Sowell, or Thomas Kean
Secretary of the Interior: Dick Cheney, or Malcolm Wallop
Secretary of Commerce: Pete Du Pont
Chief of Staff: William Kristol, or Vin Weber
Secretaries of Agriculture, Transportation, and Labor: People from the private sector with a proven pro-business track record in these fields

Robert Dole? Leave him where he can exert the most influence—as head of the new majority in the Senate following the coattail Republican landslide in 1996 that this ticket will generate. Leave John Engler, Tommy Thompson, Pete Wilson, and William Weld as allied and influential governors, at least during this Administration, and ask Kay Bailey Hutchison to run against Ann Richards in Texas. Actively work for the re-election of Richard Riordan and Rudy Giuliani. Lawrence Kudlow as Chairman of the Fed. Milton Friedman as head of the Council of Economic Advisors. Communications Director? Vin Weber would be excellent, if he is not Chief of Staff. Brit Hume would also be excellent. If we wanted more fun at press conferences, how about P. J. O'Rourke? As for CIA Director, who else? Blackford Oakes. And you? Why, Poet Laureate, of course.

What do you think?

Sincerely,
Scott D. Welch
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Welch: Sure. Why not! . . . I forget, do poet laureates (in America) need to know how to write poetry? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was intrigued to learn recently that "ochlophobia" means "having a morbid fear of crowds" (Webster's Third Unabridged Dictionary). Interestingly, "ochlocracy" means "government by the mob: mob rule" (*supra*).

Since President Clinton has seduced us *en masse* to believe he is not an ochlophobic, I wonder if he will choose to apply the standard of "don't answer, don't tell, don't slip up" if he is suspected of being a closet antiochlocratic. Also, do you think it's possible for one man, continually trying, to make more of a mess of the nation than a mob ("mob" with lowercase spelling, of course)?

Sincerely,
Betty Zimmerle Smith
Killen, Ala.

Dear Mrs. Smith: You must not underestimate the resources of President Clinton. Cordially, **—WFB**

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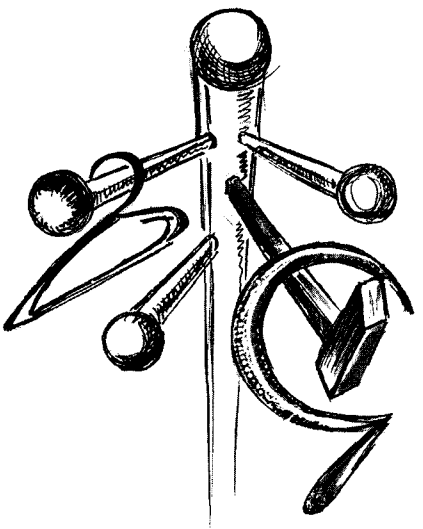
ON THE SCENE

Back to the Future

JOHNATHAN SUNLEY



Luba Kolomytseva

BUDAPEST

FIRST Lithuania, then Poland, now Hungary. What explains the ability of onetime Communist Parties to return to power, just a few years after being swept out?

The standard answer is that the hard economic changes in Hungary—as elsewhere in Central and Eastern Europe—have divided the population into "winners" and "losers," with the latter outnumbering the former. Though true to a point, this argument fails to account for the continuing popularity of Prime Minister Vaclav Klaus in the Czech Republic, where growth rates are no speedier, or for the fact that unemployment and inflation (two of the downsides of reform most frequently mentioned) had been falling steadily in Hungary for months. How is it, then, that one government appears able to benefit from being associated with a free-market economy while the other does not?

Mr. Sunley is director of the Windsor Klub policy group in Budapest.

In part this can be explained by the failure of the defeated Hungarian Democratic Forum to identify itself with these changes in simple, straightforward terms. Neither Hungary's first democratically chosen prime minister since the war, Jozsef Antall (who died in December), nor his successor had Klaus's gift for the language of popular capitalism.

On the other hand, they also inherited a much more complex legacy from the previous era. For most Hungarians remember the 1970s and '80s quite fondly. Certainly the heavily subsidized years of "goulash Communism" were without significant shortages. But they were also lacking in self-reliance and self-respect, two qualities essential to the building of a meritocratic society. Furthermore, they were predicated on forced amnesia concerning the events of 1956.

That relatively few Hungarians today seem troubled by the role that Gyula Horn, the leader of the victorious Socialist Party, played in suppressing the 1956 uprising (a role he has never denied) suggests that this operation on the national memory was remarkably successful. Even more remarkable is that when the government tried to remind people of this slice of history through the broadcast media, it was reproached for "negative campaigning" and "mudslinging."

This is a familiar story. Whenever during the last few years the Antall administration attempted to undo some of the most pernicious consequences of the Communist period, it met a loud chorus of disapproval from the majority of the country's intelligentsia. The image was built up (and readily received in the West) of a government constituted entirely of backward-looking amateurs. It was alleged, moreover, that they were responsible for the growth of a Far Right—even though no such party has made it into the new parliament.

What was needed, went the refrain, was modernization and professionalism. Step forward the Socialists with their reputation for "expertise" and attitude of weary condescension toward the outgoing team. "Let the experts govern," was the chief slogan of their highly effective campaign.

How far is the Socialists' reputation justified? After all, $20 billion of national debt—the other legacy of "goulash Communism"—doesn't sound like much to boast about. The more sophisticated leaders of the party will agree, arguing that they were the ones who at the end of the 1980s became internationally celebrated for initiating reforms intended to reduce this burden.

It is certainly true that the last Communist government before the 1990 elections was less ideological and more technocratic than its predecessors. True, too, that its finance minister, László Békesi (who now stands a good chance of returning to his old job), is no fan of ruinous welfare programs.

The problem is that the position of such figures inside the party is much weaker now than it was then. Four years ago, the Socialists had no electoral pact with the country's main trade-union federation. Now the chairman of this body (which has managed to retain nearly all its old assets), Sándor Nagy, has entered parliament in second place on the party's nationalist list. Surely the members of these unions will expect something in return for their support? If so, and in view of the clashes that have already occurred between Nagy and Békesi over the party's economic program, it would be no surprise to see precisely the kind of government crisis blow up as recently left Poland without a finance minister for three months.

Still, it would be wrong to portray the Socialists as primarily the party of the disadvantaged. Often overlooked by foreign commentators is the wealth accumulated by many members of the old *nomenklatura* during the last decade of Communist rule. Having once used their political positions for economic gain (typically through privatization deals which were pure asset-stripping), this elite—the so-called

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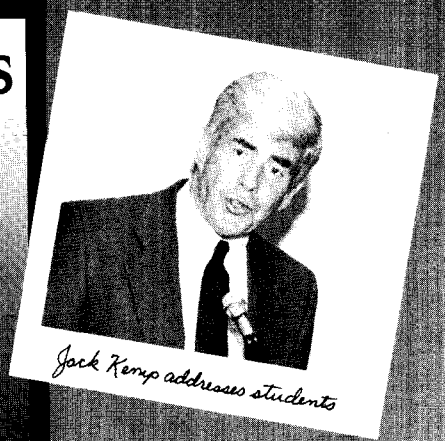

Jack Kemp addresses students

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Red bourgeoisie—now backs the Socialist Party in order to defend its privileges. Well placed inside many of Hungary's best-known companies, it is certainly interested in financial discipline. What it is not interested in is sharing this wealth with outsiders. The outcome will be a further entrenching of the Socialist Party's power-base on the one hand, matched by rising social frustration among those denied the chance to better their circumstances on the other.

Finally, although foreign policy did not feature much during this election, here too some kind of regression is likely. The Socialist Party position on joining NATO, for example, while not downright hostile, places needless obstacles in the way. It is argued that membership should be extended at the same time to *all* former Warsaw Pact countries—which is a rejection of the principle of selection advanced in Partnership for Peace. The party also favors holding a referendum on the question, even though it can hardly be unaware that such an agnostic approach on the part of the government would be bound to fan neutralist leanings among ordinary Hungarians. A clear "no" to membership—or even an equivocal "yes"—would relieve NATO of the need to feel responsible for the region, and shift the balance of power in Europe further eastward.

That said, of course, the routine observation of nearly all editorials on this election—that a victory for ex-Communists does not herald a victory for Communism as such—is valid. It can hardly be denied, after all, that the Socialist Party has come to power through the ballot box and the soap box: means alien to its forebears. Still, old instincts die hard, and the current efforts of the party to lure the second-place Alliance of Free Democrats into a coalition—even though it already has an outright majority in parliament—are not a little reminiscent of the notorious "salami tactics" (overcoming the opposition, slice by slice) used after the war.

Even if there is no going back, there is more than one way of going forward. The real danger in Central Europe is not a return to censorship and collectivization. It is rather that the old Communist Parties, by their prevention of the emergence of a genuine middle-class and their contempt for national values, will foster a course of development closer to the Latin American model than the Euro-Atlantic one. □

To November, and Beyond

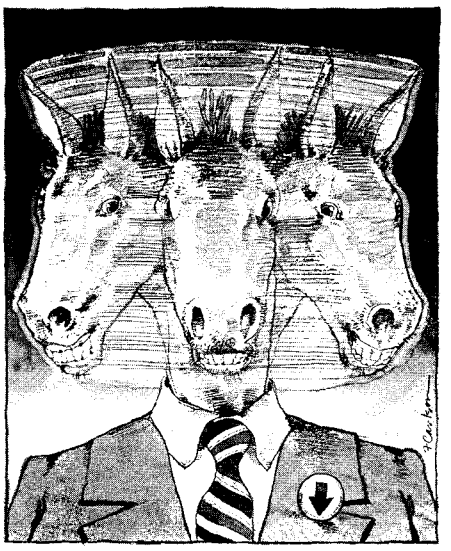
CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FOR the GOP, it must seem like 1952 all over again. Ike's back on the cover of *Time* and, thanks to the 17-count indictment of Dan Rostenkowski, "corruption" is back as a Republican campaign issue. The big question for this fall's elections is, What will the out-of-power party be able to make of this partisan windfall?

If the Eisenhower–Nixon experience of '52 is any guide, the Republican chances are spectacular. Murray Chotiner, the California political guru who guided the vice-presidential candidate in that race, knew the trick to any election is recognizing that voters can keep only three or four issues in their heads at any given time.

Mr. Matthews is Washington bureau chief of the San Francisco Examiner.



Fred Carlson

Four decades ago, the Republicans spent the campaign season hitting four buttons: Korea, Crime, Communism, Corruption. This time, assuming that the United States avoids war over North Korea's nuclear enterprises and that the Berlin Wall remains atomized into a million desk-top souvenirs, GOP candidates are left with "crime" and "corruption." Add "Clinton" and "character" and you've got your quota.

"Clinton! Character! Crime! Corruption!" How can it miss? I can already hear that C-SPAN drill sergeant Bob Dornan shouting out the cadence.

What will the Democrats bellow back? The answer is crisp and Kennedyesque: We're getting the country moving again.

To make this credible, the Democrats need to pass health-care reform. To do that, the House leadership has redesigned its offense. Had Rosty avoided trouble, the Ways and Means chairman would have been the most valuable Democratic player in this summer's white-hot fight on health care. When he did not, Speaker Tom Foley quietly named Majority Leader Dick Gephardt to ramrod the measure through the House.

For the once and, some believe, future presidential candidate, it is the assignment of a lifetime. The strategy, according to a well-informed source, is, "Try to influence what happens at the committee stage," so that the bill that emerges is a bill that can pass. So it's Gephardt's job to get three House committees—Ways and Means, Education and Labor, Energy and Commerce—to report a composite health-care reform bill able to win 218 votes and the President's signature. One element will be an employer-mandate provision designed to cause the least anger among business.

The effort could succeed for two reasons. One is track record. Last year, House Democrats, who enjoy a 257–178 majority, jammed through a budget that raised taxes on the top brackets and included a BTU tax besides. Compared to that castor oil, this year's partisan offering will seem like a dark chocolate Dove Bar.

A second, more basic reason: Democrats, who control the body, are different from Republicans. Even the most conservative Democratic representatives must deal with the labor groups, minority groups, women's groups, and seniors' groups that make up their party's base. However divided the rest of the electorate might be on the topic, these people want action. They don't want their Democratic member of

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Are Catholics Foolish?

Why do Catholics foolishly bumble along while the Church unravels? Fundamentalists and libertines are winning over our young people, who aren't being taught the basics of Catholicism or the meaning of a living relationship with Jesus. Church attendance, conversions, and vocations to the priesthood and religious life are down. Pastors and teachers openly question Catholic doctrine, morality, and discipline (no wonder there are so many sex scandals among the clergy!). Catholic schools have closed. Catholic colleges and universities are being secularized. Does anyone care?

Yes, for there's another side to the story. In recent years the papacy has given the Church renewed definition and purpose. Traditional morality and doctrine have been vigorously reasserted. Laxity is being challenged, abuses are being corrected, and converts are being attracted once again. Truly, a new wind is blowing.

But the Holy See needs our support, especially given the potent opposition of the cultural elites. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a Catholic monthly magazine, refuse to be cowed: We stand with the papacy and Magisterium. Not surprisingly, *Newsweek* finds us "cheeky." Established in 1977, we take our name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England, and, like its most celebrated product, John Henry Newman, we're unashamedly intellectual. We challenge our adversaries on their own turf.

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Congress voting "Nay" on their Democratic President's number-one priority.

Prospects in the Senate have been enhanced, meanwhile, by bipartisan talks among members of the Finance Committee. Assuming chairman Daniel Patrick Moynihan can strike a deal with moderate GOP panel members Bob Packwood, Dave Durenberger, and John Chafee on some sort of financing mechanism, he could achieve the magic number 60, avoiding any possible filibuster. We could than expect a House–Senate conference on health-care reform to convene by late summer, with a bill signing in October.

Success on health care, even limited success, would give the Clinton-led Democrats what they need in November: a tangible emblem of accomplishment. Having inherited gridlock, they got the country moving again. They lowered deficits, increased growth, created three million new American jobs since Inauguration, etc., etc.

Will it work? Not entirely. People are in a nasty mood these days. Those hurt by the Clinton tax increase have revenge in their hearts. Those who resent his pushes for gays in the military and abortion rights know their enemy well. So do those who see the words "Clinton" and "character" as antonymous.

So the Democrats will lose seats this November, perhaps twenty or more in the House, perhaps three or more in the Senate.

But the battle is not the war. Whatever setbacks the '94 Democratic legislative push may lead to this November, it will have a tonic effect among those needed to fight the war in 1996. Parental- and family-leave rights, the Brady bill, health care, and other Clinton successes won't make the Right any more antagonistic than it already is. They will mobilize the Left.

As for those voters in the center who decide presidential elections, let this be a prediction. Having won the Left in 1994 with health care, Bill Clinton will march rightward in 1995, ending welfare "as we know it," delivering on that middle-class tax cut he promised, maybe cutting capital-gains taxes besides.

Too nervy, you say?

Just watch him. □

Let Us Pray?

BEN C. TOLEDANO

JACKSON, MISS.

RIGHT NOW, in Mississippi, the hottest item going is dockside gambling. Casinos are cropping up alongside every drainage ditch with a little rainwater in it, and the politicians of both parties, ecstatic over this vast new source of taxes and campaign funds, view the "new industry" as the answer to a prayer.

Speaking of the prayers of politicians, it was recently reported that the chairman of Mississippi's State Gaming Commission opened a meeting by requesting an invocation from the Reverend Bill Whitmer. The account states only that "during the prayer Whitmer noted that coins carry the motto: In God We Trust." I wrote a letter to the editor of the *Clarion Ledger* in Jackson requesting clarification of its article: "What does it mean? That God approves of gambling? That God endorses money? That money endorses God? Or nothing more than that the motto appears on coins?" The paper didn't print my letter. The ACLU didn't file suit. No one seemed concerned.

Fortunately, Donald Trump's is not the only name in the news down here. Another guy, both interesting and admirable, is also getting lots of coverage. His name is Bishop Knox and his story also has to do with prayer. Knox is the 38-year-old black principal of Wingfield High School in Jackson. Tall, soft-spoken, a former defensive end on the University of Southern Mississippi football team, Knox, until recently, was simply viewed as a deeply religious, highly respected family man and educator with only favorable prospects ahead.

But late last year Knox was fired. The Superintendent of Schools in Jackson, a black man named Ben Canada, decided that Knox had been insubordinate, had neglected his duty, had intentionally disregarded school policy, and had shown a lack of professional judgment.

Sounds serious, but you be the judge. If you can guess from the above that what Bishop Knox did was permit his students to use the public-address system to recite the following prayer: "Almighty God, we ask that you bless our parents, teachers, and country throughout the day, in your name we pray. Amen," then you are qualified to be a school superintendent.

By the time I had breakfast with Knox in Jackson last month, he was already a celebrity, having been a guest on *Donahue*, CBS's *This Morning*, et al. Throughout our two-hour visit, other patrons in the restaurant came over to pay their respects. "Good morning to you, Brother Bishop," they'd say. "How is everything going?"

Knox often uses a smile for an answer. "I feel like I'm with Michael Jordan," I told him. He smiled.

I also told him I thought he had made a tactical error when he told the deputy superintendent that he was considering the request from the students, because that gave the deputy a chance to say he thought the idea "inappropriate," and to advise Knox to discuss it with the staff attorney. She told Knox she thought it "constitutionally impermissible" but would research the question more fully. The day before the prayer was read for the first time, the attorney told Knox her research supported her preliminary opinion. However, Knox, after reading the decisions she cited, concluded that the opinion of the U.S. Court of Appeals in *Jones* v. *Clear Creek Independent School District* (1992) permitted the prayer to be read.

The student body president, who read the prayer, modeled it after the one used to open sessions of Congress, which she found in a government-class textbook. The prayer was read on three consecutive mornings. On the day of the second reading, the staff attorney once again told Knox of her opinion. On the afternoon of the third reading Knox was called to the office of the Deputy Superintendent and was put on administrative leave without pay. Three weeks later, Superintendent Canada fired Knox, who immediately requested a hearing before the School Board.

The absurdity of the disciplinary action notwithstanding, Knox was, in

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my opinion, no innocent, unsuspecting victim. He knew what he was doing; he believed strongly in what he was doing.

Eventually, the Board voted unanimously to overturn the firing, but to suspend Knox without pay through June 30, 1994. Knox appealed to the Chancery Court.

Meanwhile, the Mississippi State Legislature passed a bill that accommodates "the free exercise of religious rights of its student citizens in the public schools and at public-school events as provided to them by the First Amendment," permits "invocations, benedictions, or nonsectarian, nonproselytizing student-initiated voluntary prayer," and declares it lawful "for any teacher *or school administrator* . . . to permit the voluntary participation by students or others in prayer." Governor Kirk Fordice signed the bill into law. Although legal questions can always arise under the particular facts of specific cases, there is no good reason to doubt the constitutionality of this law.

On April 22, in an 18-page opinion, the Chancery Court ruled that the School Board's decision was arbitrary and capricious. The court ordered that Dr. Knox be reinstated with full pay and that the School District "draw guidelines for school prayer consistent with this opinion."

It almost goes without saying that the School District's paid-by-the-hour lawyers recommended an appeal, received approval from the School Board, and have in fact appealed to the Mississippi Supreme Court.

Though the moral of this story far transcends the apparent stupidity of the superintendent, surely it was foolish to let the "insubordination" issue take precedence over the real issue. Indeed, Superintendent Canada incurred the wrath of many prominent black ministers, who are concerned over the crime problem and realize that single-parent families often can't provide the necessary guidance. To most of them, public schools furnish the only hope. One minister told me, "We've got to do something. It's easier to get drugs and weapons into school than to get a prayer."

Another black leader said, "We're simply asking that the schoolchildren be permitted to acknowledge the existence of a power or authority higher than man himself."

Bishop Knox says, "I feel that students need to know that there is an accountability for all their actions. Without at least an acknowledgment there is a God, I don't think they can feel the accountability for their actions."

At a rally recently held on the steps of the Mississippi Capitol, Reverend Hosea Hines told the crowd, "When God's people pray, darkness will be light. America needs revival. You look at any school district in America, and you will look at the same problems. America is suffering spiritually. We realize everybody has rights, but we have rights, too."

Many schoolchildren in Jackson and throughout the state staged walkouts, marches, and other forms of peaceful protest over the firing of Dr. Knox. Jessica Phillips, 14, a Wingfield 9th-grader, received a three-day suspension for her participation in the walkout. That was okay with her. "I was willing to pay the price for something I believe in," she said.

Said 12th-grader Nicki Mallette, "Prayer is the solution."

Feeling the pressure, besieged Superintendent Canada offered amnesty to those students who walked out if they would return to their classes. He also declared that "Students can and do have the right to pray, but not over the intercom. . . . The issue of prayer has never been contested." So there you have it; the problem was never school prayer, just the use of the intercom. Right? Right!

Why did Superintendent Canada overreact the way he did? The disease that plagues Ben Canada is not his alone; it affects just about everyone in his position. Combine the bureaucratic mind and its ambitions with the poor advice given by cowardly, safe-playing lawyers who fear the ACLU, and superimpose the essential ignorance that comes from the mere knowledge of phrases such as "separation of church and state," and disasters are certain to result.

In fact, the U.S. Supreme Court has not ruled that all forms of prayer are unconstitutional under all circumstances in public schools. Furthermore, the Supreme Court has neither the authority to make such a ruling nor the power to enforce it. To the extent that it has tried, and might try again, however, it is well to remember that there are checks and balances upon the U.S. Supreme Court; they come directly from the people, who should not be shy about asserting those basic rights of which our limited government is the sole trustee. The unrobed, ordinary people can make the final decision on school prayer—if they so will. □

Fund Repeal?

JOHN MERLINE

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN MAY, National Public Radio announced plans to run prison-life commentaries by convicted cop-killer and former Black Panther Mumia Abu-Jamal, arguing that the show would bring a "unique perspective to its listeners." NPR pulled the plug on the program before the first commentary aired, but not before raising the ire of Senator Bob Dole (R., Kan.). "Events during the past several days, despite a positive outcome, raise questions about public broadcasting's commitment" to objectivity and balance, Dole said. "This episode raises sobering questions, not only for NPR, but for the taxpayer-funded Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which has oversight authority over NPR and provides much of its funding."

In canceling the program, NPR managing editor Bruce Drake admitted that no commentaries to provide "context or contrasting points of view" had been arranged.

That proved Dole's point. "It is disturbing that NPR had apparently forgotten until the last minute the need to provide the balance and objectivity required in its programming," he said in a floor speech last month. He called for closer oversight by Congress to uphold a law he championed two years ago.

In the summer of 1992, Dole had pushed for an amendment to the CPB authorization bill that, in effect, simply outlined how CPB was to comply

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with provisions in its original 1967 charter. It required that the corporation review its programming, take steps to provide balance where it was lacking, and report to Congress on its efforts to provide fair and balanced coverage in exchange for its $270-plus million annual federal grant (about 16 per cent of CPB's total revenues).

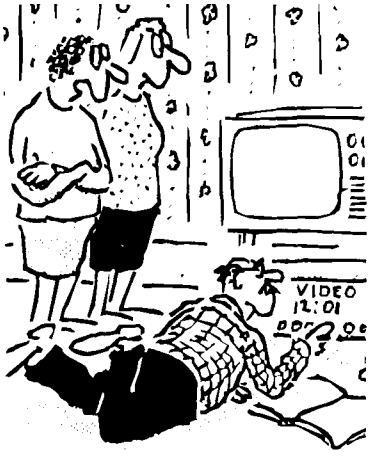
Public broadcasting was quick to flout the mandate—at least in the eyes of critics. On election night that year, staffers at WGBH in Boston cheered on camera when the announcement came that Clinton was over the top. "It was like handing a gift to our critics," CPB president Richard Carlson told the *Washington Post*. "The WGBH production that night was biased, unbalanced, unprofessional, and boring."

The storm continued to build during the confirmation hearings this May for Alan Sagner, a Clinton appointee to the CPB board. Senator John McCain (R., Ariz.) blasted two *Frontline* programs about the "October Surprise" story aired during the 1992 campaign. McCain complained that, although the October Surprise theory was dismissed as unproven by a Democrat-controlled committee of Congress, no "apologies or corrections" had been offered by PBS. Senator McCain plans to offer an amendment to address the issue of balance in the upcoming authorization bill, and will probably push to cut back funding for public broadcasting. "The CPB," says McCain staffer Mark Buse, "is not a sacred cow that should be exempt from budget cuts."

Conservatives outside Congress are less concerned with spending levels than with the principle that no public money should be spent for partisan purposes. David Horowitz, president of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture, urges Republicans to take the more drastic step of holding up "reauthorization for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting until its board agrees to take steps to balance its programming and to abide by the spirit and letter of the public broadcasting law."

Mr. Horowitz points to programs he says are designed to support the Democratic agenda. Last October, for instance, National Public Radio aired "In Jesus' Name: The Politics of Bigotry," a generally one-sided attack on religious conservatives featuring unrebutted slurs like: "The Christian Right wants to be in charge and get to say who is in the human race." *Frontline* aired two documentaries about the coming ravages of the greenhouse effect, but then rejected a highly praised British documentary debunking greenhouse hysteria. The list goes on and on. Things haven't changed at CPB, says Horowitz, partly because "Republicans on the [CPB] board have frustrated all efforts to get the system balanced."

That includes Reagan-appointed chairman Sheila Tate, a former press sercretary for Nancy Reagan who later worked for the Bush transition team. Mrs. Tate offers assurances like: "The board has very clearly determined that it will look at how issues are



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"He's been there since last weekend trying to put the clock back."

treated over time, not at individual programs" to assess ideological balance. "There is plenty of top-quality comment and production going on that's influenced by significant news and editorial people who happen to be conservative. That's undeniable," she warbles on. "There have been significant improvements in attempts at overall balance."

But Mr. Horowitz points out that since the 1992 law was passed "not a single program or programming schedule has been specifically reviewed for balance. Nor has a single program been funded for balance." This is in direct violation of the provisions of that law.

Bush-appointed board member Vic Gold, a tougher nut than Mrs. Tate, divides the blame between the board and Congress. "You have typical board members. They don't want to get into any fights. The heat is intense. They'd rather have the applause of the industry." But Congress must also be criticized for the board's failure to take strong action. "Congress needs to sit down, and with something other than a broad brush, spell out how to achieve balance and fairness. It's all very good to say, 'You have to have balance and fairness,' but those are just words. Congress has to spell it out," says Mr. Gold.

CPB funding might still have got an easy ride this year if Clinton appointee Alan Sagner had not blundered so spectacularly in his confirmation hearings. When asked whether public broadcasting was too liberal, Mr. Sagner said, "I have supported the Democratic Party over many years, and I do not think that I am able to make an objective evaluation." He later reiterated the standard solemn commitment to push for balanced programming, but the damage had been done.

The upshot of all this is unclear. With health care, Whitewater, and welfare reform on the agenda, public broadcasting is not high on anybody's list of concerns this year. Also, many Republicans are nervous about blasting public broadcasting, which has a goo-goo image of social responsibility underpinned by stately British soap operas, which obscures the relentless liberal editorializing of thte likes of National Public Radio's Nina Totenberg and Linda Wertheimer.

Mr. Gold doesn't think Congress will put a hold on funding this year as it did two years ago. He does, however, believe that public broadcasting will never again get a free ride from Washington. But even a limited scrutiny will fail as long as even Republican appointees are socially intimidated into supporting—or at least not objecting too strenuously to—liberal propaganda paid for by your tax dollars.

"There is strong and deep support for public broadcasting, both television and radio, on the Hill," says Mrs. Tate. And attempts to force balance within particular programs are certain to raise charges of interfering with speech rights. Still, she seems resigned to a battle, saying that balance and fairness "are areas that public broadcasting will have to be prepared to discuss."

And maybe even to practice. □

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A Very British Scandal

DEREK HILL

LONDON

IF YOU liked *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, you'll love Three Women and a Bounder. No gentle romantic comedy this time, though; rather closer to all-out farce, with something for everyone: love and dishonor, a betrayed wife, an outraged husband, horsewhipping (threats of), possible blackmail, and a delicious dash of class.

The bounder comes straight out of central casting. He is Mr. Alan Clark, 66, who was a minister in Margaret Thatcher's government from 1983 to 1991. Son of Lord Clark, of *Civilization* fame, he is a conservative's conservative, who virtually invented premature political incorrectness in this country. Liberals still wake screaming in the night as their subconscious throws up the memory of his casual reference to some black African paradise as Bongo-Bongo Land.

He is clever, outrageously amusing and irreverent, dashing, and rich. He is also (like someone else who comes to mind) infamously fond of the ladies, except that where this particular indulgence is concerned, Clark does not merely inhale, he blows the smoke right back into your face.

Last year he published his *Diaries*. Elegantly written, compellingly readable, shockingly candid, they were, and remain, a runaway success, reprinted six times in hardback and four times in paperback. They are shot through with sharp and shrewd observations about politics, people, and life.

They also reveal a man with a supercharged libido. Readers have been shocked and titillated in equal measure as Her Majesty's Minister for, successively, Employment, Trade, and Defense describes his hair-trigger lust for female officials and secretaries, and for pretty girls sharing his train compartment.

The *Diaries* allude to frequent infidelities during his 36-year marriage to the dedicatee of the published diaries, Beloved Jane, around whose affectionate personality there raged this maelstrom of self-indulgence.

Mr. Hill is chief editorial writer for the London Daily Express.

Not that any reader would have given more than a passing thought to these lines from the entry for Monday, June 13, 1983: "In London I collected the coven and off we went to Brooks's for dinner. At intervals Joei said, Gosh, Al, are you really a Minister, zowee. Valerie was less forthcoming. Ali sulked and sneered." Explaining "coven" was a footnote which read, innocuously enough: "Three girls related to each other by blood whom AC had known for many years."

In fact, the relationship went like this: Joei was the younger sister of Ali, and both were the daughters of Valerie. And all three had been seduced by Mr. Clark.

Clark and Valerie (married to a judge, her second husband, with whom she now lives in South Africa) had conducted an affair for 14 years, during which time he also bedded her daughters. Both girls confessed this to their mother, who recovered sufficiently from the initial shock to continue the affair for several more years, before it ended around 1988.

The reasons we now know all this are 1) the imminent publication of the diaries in South Africa, which 2) prompted Valerie Harkess to tell all to her husband, which led to 3) the decision of Judge and Mrs. Harkess, and Josephine, 34, who also lives in South Africa, to give their version of events to Rupert Murdoch's Sunday tabloid, *The News of the World*.

If Alan Clark seems sent from central casting, Judge Harkess, a Tory parliamentary candidate in 1978, seems to get his lines from central scripting. Had the judge known of Clark's liaisons with his wife and stepdaughters, he said, he would have horsewhipped him. Asked to comment, Clark sportingly agreed that, yes, he ought to be horsewhipped. And the whole display of sado-masochistic tendencies prompted Jane Clark to observe drily that the judge might better have applied the horsewhip to his erring wife.

The 51-year-old Mrs. Clark has been round this course before—specifically, when the diaries were first published. Taxed then about her husband's exultant philandering, she explained charmingly that although she knew her husband was, as she put it, a S-H-ONE-T, she still loved him—a demonstration of stoic acceptance, and more, that set Fleet Street's monstrous regiment of women columnists into a more than usual state of indignation. But Jane Clark remains unmoved.

Taking time off from walking the Rottweilers on the grounds of the Clarks' 850-year-old home, Saltwood Castle, she said of the Harkesses' behavior: "Quite frankly, if you bed people I call 'below-stairs class,' they go to the papers, don't they?"

SOME thought that was going it a bit for a mere lieutenant colonel's daughter. But class is as class does. Indeed, the next thing we knew the judge, his wife, and his younger stepdaughter had arrived at Heathrow and were met by someone we in the British press describe as a "publicist" for the sole reason that "sleazeball" is not yet a widely known expression here.

They had come the better to tell their story. Oh yes, and to collect the money, reputedly up to $250,000, for telling it. Revenge, they admitted, was another motive. Exhibiting themselves, low cynics muttered, was another. Their publicist certainly did them proud on that score. In Mr. Murdoch's daily tabloid, the *Sun*, we were treated to stories from Valerie, Josephine, and the judge, the last mentioned looking suitably fierce and flexing, yes, a horsewhip.

For almost a week it was virtually impossible, thank goodness, to turn on a TV without seeing one or another of this wonderfully rich cast. In fact, we almost missed Prime Minister John Major orating for the European Parliament elections.

The only major player from whom nothing was seen nor heard was Alison, who has been estranged from her family for many years. Now married to—I kid you not—Sergei Kauzov, ex-KGB spy, former husband of Christina Onassis, and multi-millionaire, she seems to find the lure of the spotlight eminently resistible. Meanwhile, Mr. Clark's publishers are warming up the presses for further printings.

There is a message here for Bob Packwood. You should have put a suitable cover on your diaries and published, senator. And congressional busybodies be damned. □

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RANDOM WALK

■ Three Federal Reserve governors, Messrs. Lindsey, Laware, and Kelley, have declared that the economy has slowed and inflation is not a problem. Leading Wall Street economist Ed Hyman takes the same view, arguing that inflation is headed for 2 per cent.

But California supply-siders Arthur Laffer and Victor Canto have a different view. They reject the inflation–output trade-off known as the Phillips Curve, arguing instead that higher taxes will slow the real economy while easy money will boost inflation. In other words, growth and inflation are negatively, not positively, correlated.

For evidence, Laffer and Canto note that rapid, 7 per cent growth in 1993's fourth quarter was accompanied by only 1.3 per cent inflation. However, 3 per cent growth in 1994's first quarter was associated with a doubling of inflation.

Looking ahead, they expect inflation to range between 4 and 5 per cent over the next year. Since February, they say, when the Fed allegedly began to tighten, the monetary base has grown at a nearly 10 per cent annual rate, while M1 has expanded by roughly 2 per cent. This suggests that high-powered money supplied by the Fed continues rising much faster than the market's demand for it, maintaining an inflationary trend started in 1993.

This is why early-warning inflation indicators are flashing red. Gold remains well above $350, Dow Jones commodity indexes are running 15 to 20 per cent ahead of last year, the spread between 3-month Treasury bills and 30-year bonds is an abnormally wide 300 basis points, and the dollar exchange rate has actually weakened since the Fed started raising interest rates. What's more, these inflation signals will prompt investors and businesses to step up their buying of raw materials, base metals, and capital goods in advance of expected future price hikes, just as consumers stepped up their fourth-quarter purchases of goods and services in 1992 and 1993 ahead of expected tax hikes. Once the artificial boomlet ends, 1995 is likely to be a year of much lower growth and higher inflation.

Art Laffer is the father of modern supply-siders, and was a top advisor to President Reagan. Victor Canto is a math modeler *extraordinaire*. There's no way I'm going to bet against them.

■ Privatization is the sizzling hot political trend all over the world—that is, everywhere except here. The Reason Foundation calculates that from 1985 through 1993, $350 billion worth of public assets were privatized around the globe. Since 1980, China has gone from nearly 80 per cent to less than 50 per cent state business ownership. Chile has privatized 75 per cent of its state-owned enterprises; Mexico one-third. Now Italy is fast clipping its socialist fringes. Thatcherism has never been trendier.

Now for the really good news: privatization may be one of the quickest ways for investors to make an easy and honest buck. Financial analyst John Duckett of Wheat First Securities in Washington notes that the seven major privatizations launched with public offerings in 1993 were, on average, up by more than one-third in an otherwise stale market. Through March 1994, YPF (Argentina) was up from the IPO price of $19 to $23.80; Argentaria (Spain) from $32.15 to $42.31; CSN (Brazil) from $12.50 to $32.20. These aren't isolated examples: a study by Alliance Capital in New York discovered that over the past five years stocks of privatized companies have climbed by 174 per cent, versus an 85 per cent rise in the S&P 500. Helpful hint: telecommunications have been nearly guaranteed money makers—everywhere.

"Inform the stockholders that I've disbanded the Board of Directors and decided to rule by decree."

How to capitalize on this bonanza? Alliance Capital has just started a mutual fund called the "Worldwide Privatization Fund" that will invest in IPOs of newly privatized companies. There's no shortage of enterprises to choose from: some 25 governments are expected to shed part or all of their telecommunications networks in coming years. Malaysia and several other developing nations are even talking about privatizing their postal service, of all things.

Ahh, isn't it nice to see free enterprise flourishing? Shame you need your passport to witness it.

■ Investors confused by today's volatile financial markets need worry no longer. Representative Edward Markey (D., Mass.), chairman of the House Telecommunications and Finance Subcommittee, has identified the real problem. Prompted by a *Money* survey that, for the second consecutive year, purports to show a Wall Street bias toward male customers, Markey has asked the SEC to investigate. "Appropriate action" should be taken, he says, against brokers engaging in such behavior. Brokers are, among other things, criticized for recommending to their female clients investments that are too conservative. This ignores the fact that women (or men) able to understand higher-risk investments are likely to be capable of finding a broker suited to their needs without the help of Congress. Representative Markey appears to have overlooked this. Perhaps he did not have time to consult the First Lady, a successful high-risk investor who appears to have had no problem locating a suitable broker. —GEKKO

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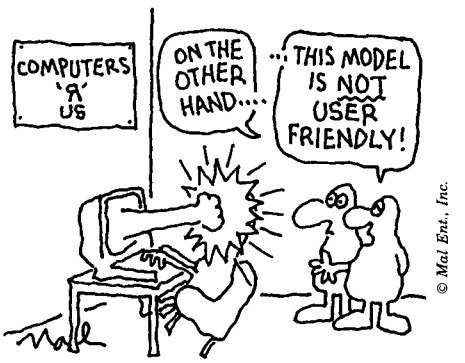
help

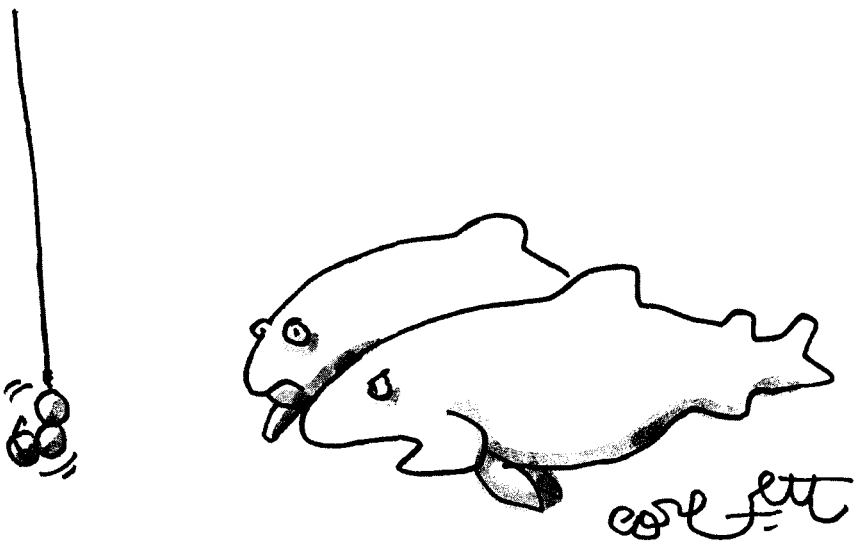
"I'm a man of many causes."

Moynihan's Seminars

With Dole just auditing, one ear
Cocked for a presidential cheer,
The chairman donnishly defers
To Members, who eschew rude slurs
While killing universal care
Along with mandates, as the air
Hangs heavy with indictment news,
And Rostenkowski hits the booze.

W. H. VON DREELE





"What's in it for the guy at the other end?"

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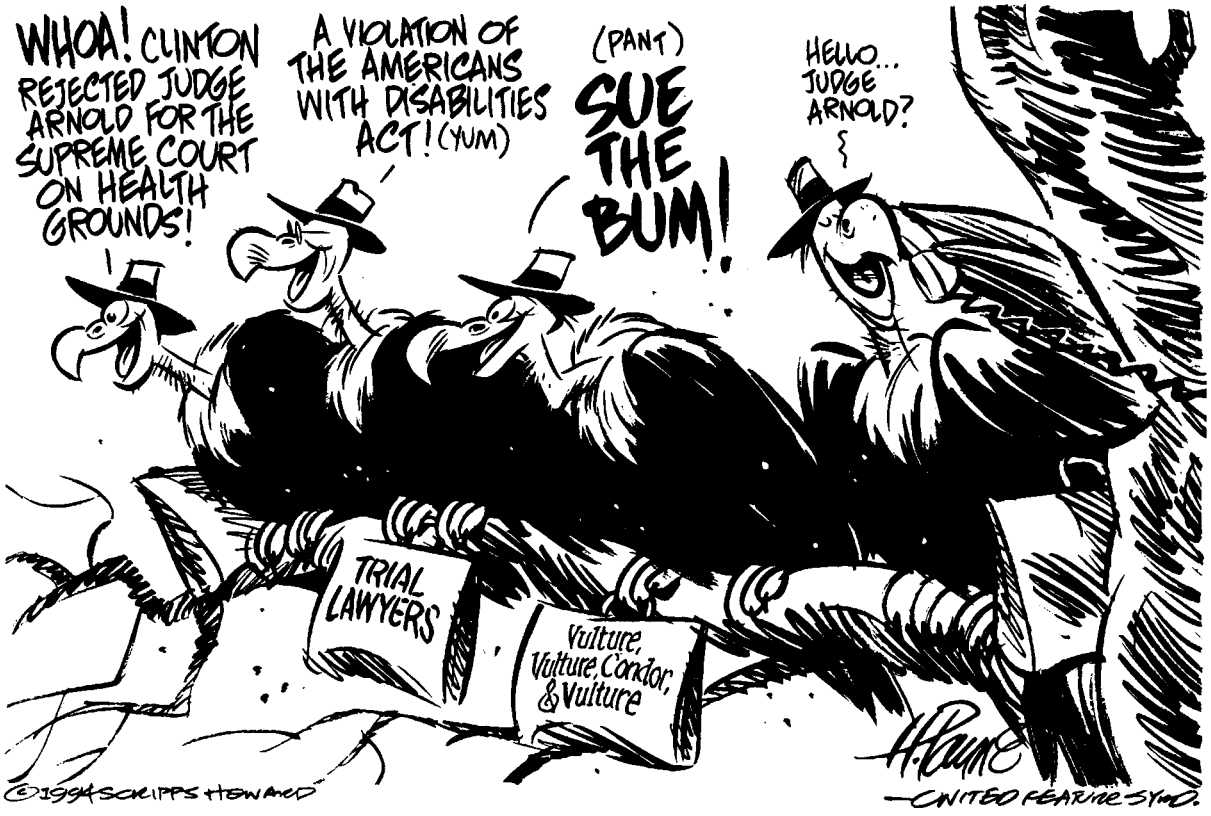
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A VIOLATION OF THE AMERICANS WITH DISABILITIES ACT! (YUM)
(PANT) SUE THE BUM!
HELLO... JUDGE ARNOLD?
TRIAL LAWYERS
Vulture, Vulture, Condor, & Vulture
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The New Mythology

FIGURING OUT FEMINISM

150,000 girls die of anorexia each year!
40 per cent more women are battered on Super Bowl Sunday!
Women get paid 59 cents on the dollar!
When feminists quote statistics, reach for your common sense.

CHRISTINA HOFF SOMMERS

IN *Revolution from Within*, Gloria Steinem informs her readers that "in this country alone . . . about 150,000 females die of anorexia each year." That is more than three times the annual number of fatalities from car accidents for the total population. Miss Steinem refers readers to Naomi Wolf's *The Beauty Myth*, where one again finds the statistic, along with the author's outrage. "How," she asks, "would America react to the mass self-immolation by hunger of its favorite sons?" Although "nothing justifies comparison with the Holocaust," she cannot refrain from making one anyway. "When confronted with a vast number of emaciated bodies starved not by nature but by men, one must notice a certain resemblance."

Where did Miss Wolf get her figures? Her source is *Fasting Girls: The Emergence of Anorexia Nervosa as a Modern Disease* by Joan Brumberg, a historian and former director of women's studies at Cornell University. She, too, is fully aware of the political significance of the startling statistic. She points out that the women who study eating problems "seek to demonstrate that these disorders are an inevitable consequence of a misogynistic society that demeans women . . . by objectifying their bodies." Professor Brumberg, in turn, attributes the figure to the American Anorexia and Bulimia Association.

I called the American Anorexia and Bulimia Association and spoke to Dr. Diane Mickley, its president. "We were misquoted," she said. In a 1985 newsletter the association had referred to 150,000 to 200,000 *sufferers* (not *fatalities*) of anorexia nervosa. What is the correct morbidity rate? Most experts are reluctant to give exact figures. One clinician told me that of 1,400 patients she had treated in ten years, 4 had died—all through suicide. The National Center for Health Statistics reported 101 deaths from anorexia nervosa in 1983 and 67 deaths in 1988. Thomas Dunn of the Division of Vital Statistics at the National Center for Health Statistics reports that in 1991 there were 54 deaths from anorexia nervosa and no deaths from bulimia. The deaths of these young women are a tragedy, certainly, but in a country of one hundred million adult females, such numbers are hardly evidence of a "holocaust."

Yet now the false figure, supporting the view that our "sexist society" demeans women by objectifying their bodies, is widely accepted as true. Ann Landers repeated it in her syndicated column in April 1992: "Every year, 150,000 American women die from complications associated with anorexia and bulimia."

Will Miss Steinem advise her readers of the egregious statistical error? Will Mrs. Landers? Will it even matter? By now, the 150,000 figure has made it into college textbooks. A recent women's studies text, aptly titled *The Knowledge Explosion,* contains the erroneous figure in its preface.

Next Crisis, Please

THE ANOREXIA "crisis" is only one example of the kind of provocative but inaccurate information being purveyed by women about "women's issues" these days. On November 4, 1992, Deborah Louis, president of the National Women's Studies Association, sent a message to the Women's Studies Electronic Bulletin Board: "According to [the] last March of

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Professor Sommers teaches philosophy at Clark University. This article is adapted from her book Who Stole Feminism? *Copyright © 1994 by Christina Hoff Sommers. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster.*

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN NAHIGIAN

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A view from Washington

MITSUBISHI MOTORS IN AMERICA

It was back in 1982 that Mitsubishi Motors first brought its name brand passenger vehicles into the U.S. market. We sold just over 40,000 cars and light trucks in our first year of operation; this year, we'll sell well over 200,000.

But we don't want you to read this so we can brag about how many cars we sell. What we want you to know is that our growth has resulted from a carefully planned, long-term strategy that has succeeded in melding the technological expertise and environmental sensitivity of Mitsubishi Motors Corporation — one of the world's largest automobile manufacturers — with the activities of a full-fledged American corporation — Mitsubishi Motor Sales of America, Inc.

Made in America

Of all the steps taken in these last 12 years to evolve into a truly American organization, the single most important one has been the establishment of a U.S. manufacturing operation. Early on, Mitsubishi Motors entered into a joint manufacturing venture with Chrysler, and in 1988 the venture began producing cars under both companies' nameplates. In 1991, Mitsubishi Motors assumed full ownership of the venture, called Diamond-Star Motors.

Today, Diamond-Star, a two-million square-foot facility located in central Illinois, produces Mitsubishi Motors' two top selling cars in the U.S. — the Galant mid-size sedan and the Eclipse sports coupe. Together, they'll represent almost 60% of the passenger cars that we'll sell in the U.S. this year.

Our decision to transfer production of the Galant from Japan to Illinois represents a billion dollar net gain for America's balance of trade with Japan, per year.

And Diamond-Star also builds cars for export to Canada, Europe, South America, and Asia, which contributes to a more favorable balance of trade between the U.S. and its foreign trading partners.

Sourced in America

Diamond-Star has an ongoing program to expand the use of North American production suppliers. Under this program, the operation will spend over $1 billion this year on North American purchases, representing almost a 200% content turnaround (on a constant calculation basis) since 1988. And those expenditures will account for the fact that locally sourced content in our Galants and Eclipses should exceed 70% under the Environmental Protection Agency's fuel economy reporting procedures. Our plans to increase the use of domestically built engines and transmissions will raise that domestic content level even higher in the future.

Employing Americans

To build cars in the U.S., Diamond-Star employs nearly 3,700 Americans. More than 3,000 are production and maintenance associates represented by the United Auto Workers. Countless other Americans are employed as a result of Diamond-Star's purchases of parts and services from facilities in 27 states.

Diamond-Star is only one part of the Mitsubishi Motors equation in the U.S. As the exclusive U.S. distributor of Mitsubishi brand passenger vehicles, we and our rental car and finance subsidiaries directly employ another 1,700 Americans. Not to mention some 15,000 employed by independent Mitsubishi Motors authorized dealerships nationwide.

Continuing Our Economic Contributions

So you see, we've come a long way since 1982. And we'll continue to grow, not just by producing and selling more passenger vehicles, but by keeping our products and pricing competitive. How will we do that? By expanding our U.S. production volume, increasing domestic content, increasing exports of our U.S.-built cars, and by reducing imports in our product mix. These steps will continue what has become the Mitsubishi Motors "tradition" of Americanization — creating jobs all across the country and contributing to the U.S. economy.

For further information, contact: Anna Stephens — Director, Government Relations/U.S. Operations at (202) 223-5732.

A View From Washington is a series of essays sponsored by corporations and associations. The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the magazine.

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Dimes report, domestic violence (vs. pregnant women) is now responsible for more birth defects than all other causes combined. Personally [this] strikes me as the most disgusting piece of data I've seen in a long while." This was, indeed, unsettling news. But it seemed implausible. I asked my neighbor, a pediatric neurologist at Boston's Children's Hospital, about the report. He told me that although severe battery may occasionally cause miscarriage, he had never heard of battery as a significant cause of birth defects.

I called the March of Dimes to get a copy of the report. Maureen Corry, director of the March's Education and Health Promotion Program, denied any knowledge of it. "We have never seen this research before," she said. I did a search and found that—study or no study—journalists around the country were citing it.

"Domestic violence is the leading cause of birth defects, more than all other medical causes combined, according to a March of Dimes study." (*Boston Globe,* September 2, 1991.)

"Especially grotesque is the brutality reserved for pregnant women: the March of Dimes has concluded that the battering of women during pregnancy causes more birth defects than all the diseases put together for which children are usually immunized." (*Time* magazine, January 18, 1993.)

"The March of Dimes has concluded that the battering of women during pregnancy causes more birth defects than all the diseases put together for which children are usually immunized." (*Dallas Morning News,* February 7, 1993.)

I called the March of Dimes again. Andrea Ziltzer of their media-relations department told me that the rumor was spinning out of control. Governors' offices, state health departments, and Washington politicians had flooded the office with phone calls. Even the office of Senator Edward Kennedy had requested a copy of the "report."

When I finally reached Jeanne McDowell, who had written the *Time* article, the first thing she said was, "That was an error." She sounded genuinely sorry and embarrassed. She explained that she is always careful about checking sources, but this time, for some reason, she had not. *Time* has since called the March of Dimes to apologize. An official retraction finally appeared in the magazine on December 6, 1993, under the heading "Inaccurate Information."

I asked Miss McDowell about her source. She had relied on information given her by the San Francisco Family Violence Prevention Fund, which had obtained it from Sarah Buel, a founder of the domestic-violence advocacy project at Harvard Law School. She in turn had obtained it from Caroline Whitehead, a maternal nurse and child-care specialist in Raleigh, North Carolina. I called Miss Whitehead.

"It blows my mind. *It is not true,*" she said. The whole mixup began, she explained, when she introduced Sarah Buel as a speaker at a 1989 conference for nurses and social workers. In presenting her, Miss Whitehead mentioned that according to some March of Dimes research she had seen, more women are screened for birth defects than are ever screened for domestic battery. Miss Whitehead had said nothing at all about battery *causing* birth defects. "Sarah misunderstood me," she said. Miss Buel went on to put the erroneous information into a manuscript which was then circulated among family-violence professionals. They saw no reason to doubt its authority.

I called Sarah Buel and told her that it seemed she had misheard Caroline Whitehead. She was surprised. "Oh, I must have misunderstood her. I'll have to give her a call. She is my source." She thanked me for having informed her of the error, pointing out that she had been about to repeat it yet again in a new article.

Where Were the Skeptics?

WHY WAS everybody so credulous? Battery responsible for more birth defects than *all* other causes combined? More than genetic disorders such as spina bifida, Down syndrome, Tay-Sachs, sickle-cell anemia? More than congenital heart disorders? More than alcohol, crack, or AIDS—more than all these things *combined*? Where were the fact-checkers, the editors, the skeptical journalists?

To that question we must add another: Why are certain feminists so eager to put men in a bad light? I shall try to answer both these questions.

American feminism is currently dominated by a group of women who seek to persuade the public that American women are not the free creatures we think we are. The leaders and theorists of the women's movement believe that our society is best described as a patriarchy, a "male hegemony," a "sex/gender system" in which the dominant gender works to keep women cowering and submissive. The feminists who hold this divisive view of our social and political reality believe that all our institutions, from the state to the family to the grade schools, perpetuate male dominance. Believing that women are virtually under siege, the "gender feminists" naturally seek recruits to their side of the gender war. They seek support. They seek vindication. They seek ammunition.

Not everyone, including many women who consider themselves feminists, is convinced that contemporary American women live in an oppressive "male hegemony." To confound the skeptics and persuade the undecided, the gender feminists are constantly on the lookout for the smoking gun, the telling fact that will drive home how profoundly the system is rigged against women. It is not enough to remind us that many brutal and selfish men harm women. They must persuade us that the system itself sanctions male brutality. They must convince us that the oppression of women, sustained from generation to generation, is a structural feature of our society.

Thus gender-feminist ideology holds that physical menace toward women is the norm. Gloria Steinem's portrait of male–female intimacy under patriarchy is typical: "Patriarchy *requires* violence or the subliminal

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threat of violence in order to maintain itself. . . . The most dangerous situation for a woman is not an unknown man in the street, or even the enemy in wartime, but a husband or lover in the isolation of their own home."

Miss Steinem's description of the dangers women face in their own home is reminiscent of the Super Bowl hoax of January 1993. Here is the chronology:

Thursday, January 27. A news conference was called in Pasadena, California, the site of the forthcoming Super Bowl game, by a coalition of women's groups. At the news conference, reporters were informed that Super Bowl Sunday is "the biggest day of the year for violence against women." Forty per cent more women would be battered on that day. In support of the 40 per cent figure, Sheila Kuehl of the California Women's Law Center cited a study done at Virginia's Old Dominion University three years before. The presence of Linda Mitchell, a representative of a media "watchdog" group called Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR), lent credibility to the claim.

At about the same time a very large media mailing was sent by Dobisky Associates, FAIR's publicists, warning at-risk women: "Don't remain at home with him during the game." The idea that sports fans are prone to attack their wives or girlfriends on that climactic day persuaded many men as well: Robert Lipsyte of the *New York Times* would soon be referring to the "Abuse Bowl."

Friday, January 28. Lenore Walker, a Denver psychologist and author of *The Battered Woman*, appeared on *Good Morning America* claiming to have compiled a ten-year record showing a sharp increase in violent incidents against women on Super Bowl Sundays.

Here, again, a representative from FAIR, Laura Flanders, was present to lend credibility to the claim.

Saturday, January 29. A story in the *Boston Globe* written by Lynda Gorov reported that women's shelters and hotlines are "flooded with more calls from victims [on Super Bowl Sunday] than on any other day of the year." Miss Gorov cited "one study of women's shelters out West" that "showed a 40 per cent climb in calls, a pattern advocates said is repeated nationwide, including in Massachusetts."

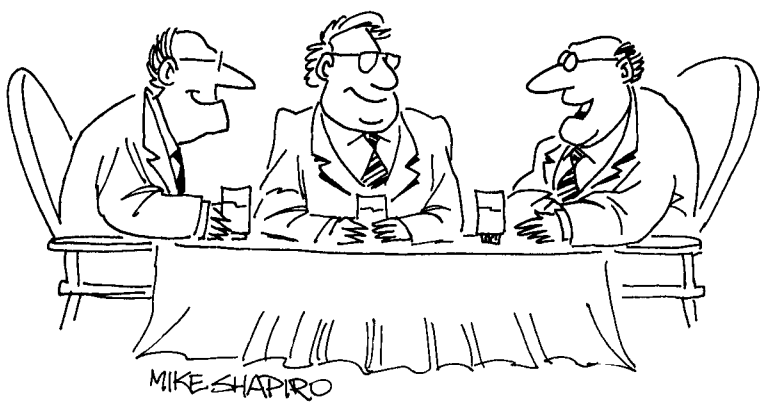
In this roiling sea of media credulity was a lone island of professional integrity. Ken Ringle, a *Washington Post* staff writer, took the time to call around. When he asked Janet Katz—professor of sociology and criminal justice at Old Dominion, and one of the principal authors of the study cited by Miss Kuehl—about the connection between violence and football games, she said: "That's not what we found at all." Instead, she told him, they had found that an increase in emergency-room admissions "was not associated with the occurrence of football games in general."

Mr. Ringle checked with Lynda Gorov, who told him she had never seen the study she cited but had been told of it by FAIR. Linda Mitchell of FAIR told Mr. Ringle that the authority for the 40 per cent figure was Lenore Walker. Miss Walker's office, in turn, referred calls on the subject to Michael Lindsey, a Denver psychologist and an authority on battered women. Pressed by Mr. Ringle, Mr. Lindsey admitted he could find no basis for the report. "I haven't been any more successful than you in tracking down any of this," he said. "You think maybe we have one of these myth things here?"

Later, other reporters pressed Miss Walker to detail her findings. She said they were not available. "We don't use them for public consumption," she explained, "we used them to guide us in advocacy projects."

It would have been more honest for the feminists who initiated the campaign to admit that there was no basis for saying that football fans are more brutal to women than are chess players or Democrats nor any basis for saying that there was a significant rise in domestic violence on Super Bowl Sunday.

Ken Ringle's unraveling of the "myth thing" was published on the front page of the *Washington Post* on January 31. On February 2, *Boston Globe* staff writer Bob Hohler published what amounted to a retraction of Miss Gorov's story. Mr. Hohler had done some more digging and had gotten FAIR's Steven Rendell to back off from the organization's earlier support of the claim. "It should not have gone out in FAIR materials," said Mr. Rendell.



"Remember, it's not really a lie if it's based on the facts."

Linda Mitchell would later acknowledge that she was aware during the original news conference that Miss Kuehl was misrepresenting the Old Dominion study. Mr. Ringle asked her whether she did not feel obligated to challenge her colleague. "I wouldn't do that in front of the media," Miss Mitchell said. "She has a right to report it as she wants."

The shelters and hot lines, which monitored the Sunday of the 27th Super Bowl with special care, reported no variation in the number of calls for help that day, not even in Buffalo, whose team (and fans) had suffered a crushing defeat.

But despite Ken Ringle's exposé, the Super Bowl "statistic" will be with us for a while, doing its divisive work of generating fear and resentment. In the book *How to Make the World a Better Place for Women in Five Minutes a Day*, a comment under the heading "Did

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You Know?" informs readers that "Super Bowl Sunday is the most violent day of the year, with the highest reported number of domestic battering cases." How a belief in that misandrist canard can make the world a better place for women is not explained.

Female Gains or Male Backlash?

HOW A feminist reacts to data about gender gaps in salaries and economic opportunities is an excellent indication of the kind of feminist she is. In general, the equity feminist points with pride to the many gains women have made toward achieving parity in the workplace. By contrast, the gender feminist makes it a point to disparage these gains and to speak of backlash. It disturbs her that the public may be lulled into thinking that women are doing well and that men are allowing it. The gender feminist insists that any so-called progess is illusory.

By most measures, the Eighties were a time of rather spectacular gains by American women—in education, in wages, and in such traditionally male professions as business, law, and medicine. The gender feminist will have none of this. According to Susan Faludi, in her much ballyhooed book, the Eighties were the backlash decade, in which men successfully retracted many of the gains wrested from them in preceding decades. And since any criticism of Miss Faludi's claim is apt to be construed as just more backlashing, one must be grateful to the editors of the *New York Times* business section for braving the wrath of feminist ideologues by presenting an objective account of the economic picture as it affects women.

Surveying several reports by women economists on women's gains in the 1980s, *New York Times* business writer Sylvia Nasar rejected Susan Faludi's thesis. She pointed to masses of empirical data showing that "Far from losing ground, women gained more in the 1980s than in the entire postwar era before that. And almost as much as between 1890 and 1980."

The *Times* reports that the proportion women earn of each dollar of men's wages rose to a record 72 cents by 1990. But the *Times* points out that even this figure is misleadingly pessimistic, because it includes older women who are only marginally in the work force, such as "the mother who graduated from high school, left the work force at twenty, and returned to a minimum wage at a local store." Younger women, says the *Times*, "now earn 80 cents for every dollar earned by men of the same age, up from 69 cents in 1980."

None of these facts has made the slightest impression on the backlash mongers. For years, feminist activists have been wearing buttons claiming women earn "59 cents to a man's dollar." Some journalists have questioned this figure. Miss Faludi calls them "spokesmen" for the backlash and says: "By 1988, women with a college diploma could still wear the famous 59-cent buttons. They were still making 59 cents to their male counterparts' dollar. In fact, the pay gap for them was now a bit worse than five years earlier."

The sources Miss Faludi cites do not sustain her figure. The actual figure for 1988 is 68 cents, both for all women and for women with a college diploma. This is substantially higher, not lower, than it was five years earlier. The most recent figures, for 1992, are considerably higher yet: 71 cents for all women and 73 cents for women with a college diploma.

What of the remaining gap between male and female earnings? For the gender feminists, the answer is simple: the wage gap is the result of discrimination against women. But in fact, serious economic scholars who are trained to interpret these data (including many eminent female economists) point out that most of the differences in earnings reflect such prosaic matters as shorter work weeks. For example, the average work week for full-time, year-round female workers is shorter than for comparable male workers. When economists compare men's and women's *hourly* earnings instead of their *yearly* earnings, the wage gap narrows even more.

Economists differ on exactly how much, if any, of the remaining gap is discrimination. Most economists agree that much of it simply represents the fact that, on average, women have accrued less workplace experience than men of the same age. One recent scholarly estimate shows that as of 1987, females who were currently working full-time and year-round had, on average, one-quarter year less of work experience than comparable males.

These data are important in understanding the oft-cited claim of a "glass ceiling" for women. Promotion in high-powered professional jobs often goes to those who have put in long hours in evenings and on weekends. Husbands may be more likely to do so than wives, for a variety of reasons, including unequal division of responsibilities at home, in which case the source of the difficulty is at home, not in the marketplace.

Obviously, the experience gap also reflects the fact that many women choose to move into and out of the work force during child-bearing and child-rearing years. This reduces the amount of experience they acquire in the workplace and naturally results in lower earnings, quite apart from any possible discrimination. Some evidence of this is provided by data on childless workers, for whom the experience gap should be much narrower, resulting in a narrower earnings gap. This, in fact, is the case: as of 1987, among childless white workers aged 20 to 44, females' hourly earnings were between 86 to 91 per cent of males' hourly earnings..

Robert Reich, the U.S. secretary of labor, wrote a blurb for *Backlash* describing it as "spellbinding and frightening . . . a wake-up call to the men as well as the women who are struggling to build a gender-respectful society." One can only hope that Mr. Reich was too spellbound to have read *Backlash* with a discriminating mind. What is more alarming than anything Miss Faludi has to say about an undeclared war against American women is the credulity it has met in high public officials on whose judgment we ought to be able to rely. □

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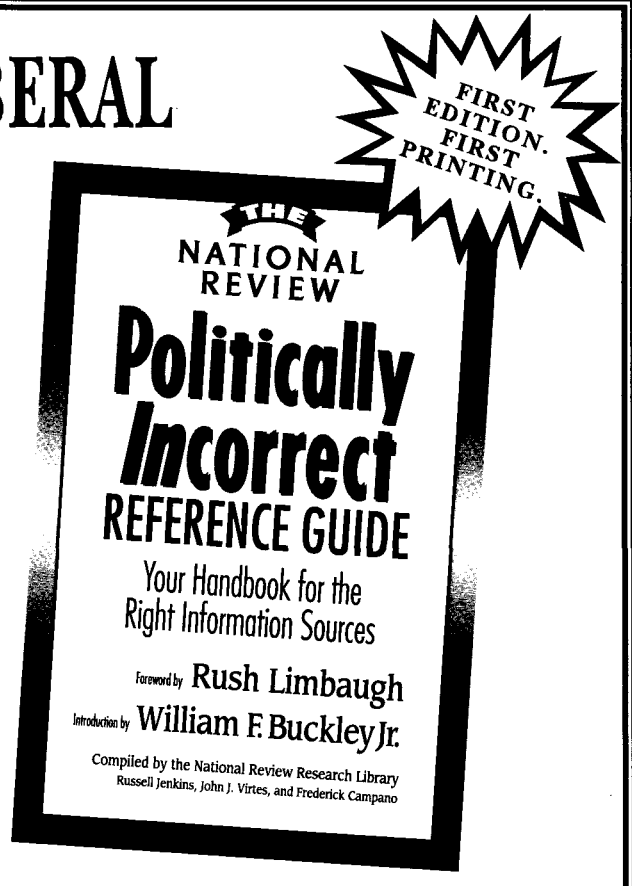
Had Enough Liberal Disinformation, Distortion, and Political Correctness?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Rumblings in the ex–Soviet Bloc

HOW THE EAST WAS LOST

Reformers are being ousted by their Communist predecessors, not because their economic reform hasn't worked, but because they have focused too much attention on it—with our encouragement.

ADRIAN KARATNYCKY

THE decisive victory of ex-Communists in Hungary's May 29 elections is part of a regional trend. Today, out of 22 states in Central and Eastern Europe and the former USSR, there are only 5—Albania, Armenia, the Czech Republic, Estonia, and Latvia—in which former Communists do not hold power or significantly share in governance. Put more starkly, out of 388 million citizens in the ex-Communist space, less than 22 million live under governments in which both legislative power and executive power are in the hands of anti-Communist democrats. Indeed, in the last two years there has been no country in the former Soviet bloc in which ex-Communists have failed to enhance their political influence.

The counteroffensive by ex- and neo-Communists has been achieved by parliamentary and extra-parliamentary means. Ex-Communists have returned to power via the ballot box in Poland, Hungary, and Lithuania. They have retained or reasserted power in the face of democratic and anti-Communist challenges in Moldova, Rumania, and Ukraine. They are in power-sharing arrangements in Bulgaria, the Kyrghyz Republic, and Russia, where neo-Communists dominate the State Duma and ex-Communists from the military–industrial *nomenklatura* have supplanted radical free-market reformers in the government. Communists and ex-Communists have toppled democratically elected anti-Communist leaders in Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Tajikistan. And they hold unchallenged control in Belarus, Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan, and Uzbekistan.

Yet the startling political comeback of ex- and neo-Communists excites little concern in the U.S. and Western Europe. Many of the new ex-Communists are viewed as pragmatic, go-slow reformers committed to playing by the rules of the market and of democracy—a characterization that is more apt in some cases than in others.

Democratic activists in the region do not share the West's lack of concern. Defeated democratic parliamentarians in Hungary have called Freedom House to express alarm about the return of forces from the old order. Democratic activists in Ukraine report a palpable shift in the attitudes of the media and among academics since the takeover by Socialists and neo-Communists of the country's newly elected parliament. "We are beginning to see a hardening of positions among many Communists who were lying low over the last two years," observes Ilko Kucheriv, director of the Democratic Initiatives polling center. "Now they feel much more self-assured; they are on the offensive."

And that is legitimate cause for alarm, since there is no denying that many of these self-styled reformers were cogs in a system which for decades proscribed human rights, suppressed religious liberties, and crushed opposition. They are direct heirs to a political tradition that destroyed millions of lives. And troubling as their immoral legacy is, even more worrying is the fact that many of the millions who voted for them did so out of a nostalgic hope for a return of social stability and economic security, even if that meant a return to authoritarian order.

Why the Communists?

ECONOMIC difficulties alone do not explain the remarkable Communist comeback. To be sure, the difficult transition from statist economies to a market system could have been expected to push millions of disgruntled industrial workers and pensioners to the Left. What surprises is that they turned to the old ex-Communist Left, and not to the new social-democratic parties that emerged out of the opposition to the Communist system. How did this come about?

First, the West vastly underestimated the psychological damage inflicted by decades of statism. Communist rule destroyed the ideas of vol-

Mr. Karatnycky, executive director of Freedom House, is co-author (with Nadia Diuk) of New Nations Rising: The Fall of the Soviets and the Challenge of Independence.

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JIM CROW IN LOS ANGELES

SHAWN STEEL

JUST OVER a year ago, 250 Latino demonstrators marched into Los Angeles City Councilman Mark Ridley-Thomas's office and got into a shouting match with the black politician. They contended he had made derogatory remarks about Latinos, who, as it happens, make up a large share of his South Central district. Ridley-Thomas angrily denied the charges.

The confrontation offered vivid commentary on the precarious state of racial and ethnic relations in the 1990s. Decades of quota-oriented "affirmative action" programs have produced the bitter fruit critics have long predicted. The dangers were spelled out a few years back by Morris B. Abrams, then a member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission: "The premier civil rights issue of our day is whether to hold fast to the Constitution's guarantee of equal protection . . . or to sink into the mire of an ethnic spoils system . . . [guaranteed] to keep many ethnic groups locked in perpetual combat." The kind of combat that filled Ridley-Thomas's office with protesters.

(Continues on page West-7)

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THE WEEK IN THE WEST

■ Scientists are trying to figure out why so-called killer bees, thought to be headed for California, have stopped short of the state line in Yuma, Arizona. Maybe they heard about the choices for governor this November?

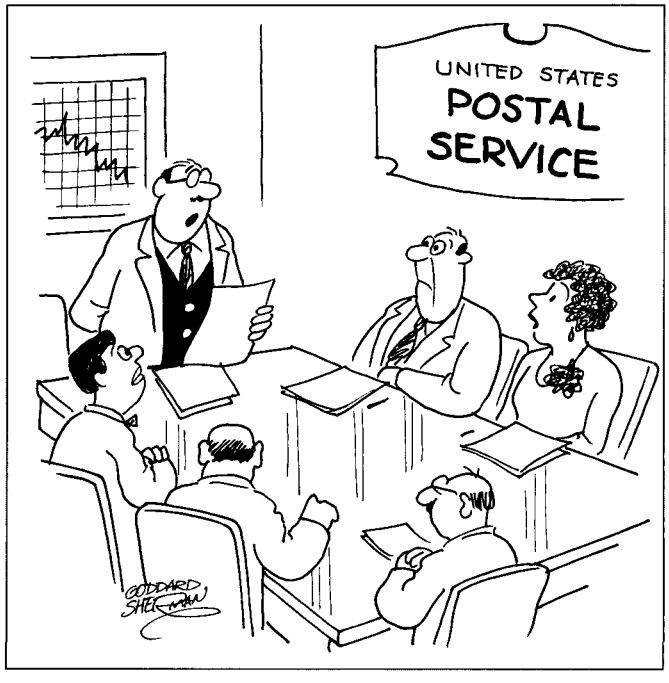
■ At San Francisco's Mark Twain High School, instructor Todd Johnson teaches students to paint murals instead of graffiti. Or at least he did until he was arrested recently for allegedly spray-painting homes, bus shelters and cars along a seven-block stretch in the City by the Bay. "He said [he did it] because he was interested in developing a new technique, and styles, and he was interested in the experience," said police inspector Lon Ramian, the art-school graduate who spotted Johnson "tagging" and arrested him. Well, maybe that was Johnson's official explanation, but five will get you fifty there's some NEA loot involved.

■ Federal judges in California are perpetrating a Travelgate scandal of their own. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals struck down a state policy paring back welfare payments for newcomers, on the theory that such restrictions infringe the "freedom to travel." Another example of how liberal jurists are masters of creativity when there's any chance of prying open taxpayers' wallets. Some background: A family of three on welfare in California receives approximately $607 per month, more than in almost any other state, and that figure doesn't include Food Stamps, Medicare, and assorted other subsidies. This generosity sounds a "Come and get it!" call to welfare-seekers from other states, and is one of the reasons so many California taxpayers are hitting the road. The Legislature and the governor responded with a rule limiting, for at least a year, the welfare largesse available to a newcomer, to the amount paid in the state from which he came. But the oracles of the Ninth Circuit know better than the people's representatives. What's next in the name of the "right to travel"—court-imposed price controls on rooms at Motel Six and nut bars at Stuckey's?

■ California Democratic gubernatorial candidate Kathleen Brown opposes the death penalty, but says she'd enforce it anyway. We think she's looking at the issue through Rose Bird-colored glasses.

■ A few years back, the loonier brand of environmentalists—the sort who gush over every species but homo sapiens—persuaded California voters to enact Proposition 117, banning the hunting of mountain lions (which are cute, cuddly kitties, to judge from the campaign's heartstring-strumming TV ads). Never mind that a well-regulated hunting program could keep the cougar population in check on the outskirts of urban areas, helping to prevent attacks on livestock—and humans. Now, after a mountain lion recently killed and partially consumed a Northern California jogger (a 40-year-old mother of two who was running in the Sierra Foothills), eco-extremists are in full-throated fury—against the wildlife officials who tracked down and shot the cougar. "Appalling," moaned one writer to the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "The anthropocentric attitude that deems an animal wrong for taking a human life ignores the fact that animals don't live by human rules." They'll wrap their arms around trees and get weepy over killer cougars, but don't expect them to give a hoot about a human life.

■ The University of California Humanities Research Institute is preparing to host, courtesy of taxpayers of course, a research group styling itself, "Re-Theorizing Music," and dedicated to such probing questions as: "What does 'queer theory' have to offer to the study of music?" and "Has an analysis of the construction of gender roles fully informed our re-reading of nineteenth-century music?" The project will "push the discipline . . . into a multiplicity of ways of theorizing music that will not exclude or privilege



"In the interest of efficiency and speeding the mail, I suggest we bring back the Pony Express."

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any particular repertory or period, any national interest, or genre." Makes John Cage's "Three Minutes of Silence" sound melodic.

■ City officials in San Diego are taking heat for spending more than a thousand dollars a day in rent for space in a downtown building that has sat empty for a year. Things could be worse—they could have filled the offices with bureaucrats.

■ The original pioneers were made of sterner stuff than many of their descendants. Consider the cave-in to political correctness by the Native Sons of the Golden West, the 118-year-old fraternal organization of men from California pioneering families. Delegates at a convention of the Native Sons voted 230 to 1 to admit women immediately—buckling under the threat of a lawsuit from Alexa Smith, scion of an early-day Golden State family, daughter of San Francisco's district attorney, and great-great-granddaughter of Edward Everett Hale. (Miss Smith was uninterested in joining the Native Daughters of the Golden West, insisting instead on being where the boys are.) If a court could have declared the Native Sons' male-only policy illegal, why stop there? Why not a lawsuit from a native of Missouri, railing against the geography-centered membership policy? It's all discrimination after all.

■ San Francisco's city health commissioners threatened to cancel $1.5 million in AIDS services contracts with Catholic Charities because the organization wouldn't ask its board members to disclose their sexual orientation. City contractors must "be representative of the target population being served," you see. So "outing" becomes official city policy in the City by the Bay. In the meantime, AIDS victims can wait: the important thing is ensuring there aren't too many heterosexuals offering them succor.

■ There's a move at the state level in Sacramento and the local level in L.A. to paddle graffiti taggers. Unfortunately, kinky Californians who now pay big bucks at bondage parlors will soon learn it's cheaper to buy a can of spray paint.

■ The condom-bedecked girl at Mary McLeod Bethune Middle School in Los Angeles will have to unpin the prophylactics from her blouse, now that a federal judge has ruled the school district can prohibit such ornamentation, even if it's donned in the name of "safe sex." The ACLU is aghast, naturally. In their high-minded view, students have a constitutional right to wear anything they like—except, of course, a T-shirt with a prayer printed on it.

■ The former chancellor of U.C. Berkeley, Ira Heyman, has been named head of the Smithsonian Institution. Apparently there's no truth to the rumor that he burned flags, chanted slogans, and staged a nude hunger strike until he got the job.

Budget Shopping

CALIFORNIA is confronted with another multi-billion-dollar budget deficit. For several years running, Sacramento's powers have responded to these annual revenue crises by reaching for taxpayers' wallets (an approach that has led to deeper fiscal mire). This year, there is brave talk of wresting dollars from Washington in compensation for the costs of services to illegal aliens—but little evidence that Congress or Mr. Clinton will be obliging.

Why not end the quest for tax dollars and do a make-over of the public sector? Studies by the Legislative Analyst's office and various independent organizations, from the Claremont Institute to the California Taxpayers Association, have identified expansive tracts of waste or inefficiency. A sampling of needed reforms:

—Send state schools to Jenny Craig. They're top-heavy with managers and cluttered with boards, such as the Commission on Teacher Credentialing, that duplicate functions properly performed at the local level. Some estimate that more than $900 million could be saved by squeezing the cellulite out of the administration.

—Merge the Franchise Tax Board with the Board of Equalization (their functions are largely duplicative) and shrink their joint budget by 40 percent. Savings: $143 million.

—Ease California's "prevailing wage" rule that sets public-sector pay by union standards, giving workers on, say, road projects more than $25 in wages and benefits per hour. Up to $200 million could be cut.

—Eliminate a host of natural-resource boards. Panels like the Tahoe Regional Planning Agency duplicate the work of local or federal agencies, and charge taxpayers more than $300 million for the favor.

—Stretch prison dollars by having inmates work to provide their own food and clothing, as is the policy in Texas—a $240 million savings.

The full list of potential economies is long. Unfortunately, so is the litany of excuses from the Legislature's sentinels of the status quo. Maybe the combination of term limits, growing voter antipathy toward incumbents, and a protracted recession will finally force a change of perspective in Sacramento. But until then, the phrase "Your tax dollars at work" should be accompanied by a laugh track.

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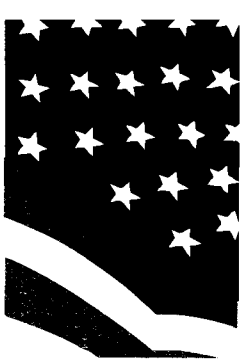

Communications for AMERICA

the *right* long distance phone company

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Do you agree with your phone company's political affiliations?

Γ&T addresses gay market

: Fitzgerald
&T is trying to make a name for itself with gay consum-

: No. 1 long-distance telephone company last week ıed its first marketing effort targeting the affluent gay et. In a brochure featuring photos of same-sex couples ng about long-distance communications, AT&T is making ch for leadership in brand image among gays, with more ctive efforts expected later this year.

The six-panel brochure, mailed to an undisclosed number of ısumers who appeared on subscription lists of gay publica-ns, includes a photo of two men accompanied by the caption: When David's away on business, we like to stay close. I love) know what he's doing and what's on his mind."

Another photo shows a man and his mother, who's quoted as aying: "Even though Paul lives a coast away, I love knowing iow his life is going. His father and I always look forward to his calls."

The mailing was created and coordinated by the marketing and communications consulting company Prime Access, New York, and is said to be a one-time project. It supports AT&T's family of "True" consumer long-distance calling projects, including True USA Savings, True Rewards and True Voice.

No additional special incentives or coupons are included.

FCB/Leber Katz Partners, New York, AT&T agency for consumer long-distance advertising didn't participate in the effort, an AT&T spokesman said.

AT&T decided to target gays after research revealed untapped opportunity with the audience, he said explaining, "The particular market segment is a good one to target because it's composed of affluent, highly educated and very brand loyal consumers."

The direct mailing follows AT&T's first-ever ad in The Advocate, in an April issue.

AT&T was also a sponsor at the First National Gay Expo in Secaucus, N.J., and is rumored to be a sponsor of next month's Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival in New York.

"We've received a lot of positive feedback from constituents of the gay market as a result of our Advocate advertising," the AT&T spokesman said, "and we feel all of this is having a positive effect."

No. 2 MCI Communication Corp. and No. 3 Sprint haven't targeted to gays.

Working Assets Long Distance boasts; "Since 1986 we've given over $2 million to groups like the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force, Planned Parenthood and the ACLU."
"Working Assets is the only pro-choice, pro-environment phone company. Make a call for justice!" –Gloria Steinem

Wall Street Journal
"In 1992 alone,... the Bell's telephone operations poured $40 million into lobbying..."
"The Bell's don't just work Washington. With a presence in nearly every major community – and some $95 million to bestow upon causes in 1992 alone, – they have wired the system from top to bottom."

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'ou will receive a quarterly update. Your ummary will show the total amount contrib-ıted to each conservative organization and ıow much came from you! Don't let part of 'our phone bill go to the anti-family, anti-)usiness forces of the Left. Join Communica-ions for America in our fight for freedom.

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WEST WORLD

■ Democrat **Tom Connolly** barely beat conservative Republican **Steve Baldwin** in a Republican-leaning Assembly District in San Diego County in 1992. But the Connolly era looks to be headed for a swift conclusion with revelation of a more than checkered past: drug use, bankruptcy, and a trail of bad debts; turns out the "child rights attorney" was $5,000 behind in child-support payments during the 1992 campaign. Now, four of his office employees have resigned, complaining about alleged sexually suggestive remarks. Assembly will investigate. . . . In Arizona, grocery-chain owner **Eddie Basha,** seeking Democratic nomination for governor, pledges to take no salary and dispense with state chauffeur if elected. Counters Democratic challenger **Paul Johnson**: "Driving yourself and working for cheap aren't the qualifications for high elected office. Those are the qualifications for pizza-delivery drivers." . . . In Oregon, continued fallout from last year's massive defeat of tax-increase initiative sponsored by liberals and political establishment: the Right scores big in Oregon's Republican primary. Congressman **Denny Smith** won GOP gubernatorial nod; **Bill Witt** won right to take on Democrat incumbent **Elizabeth Furfe** in First Congressional District; and prominent moderate state Rep. **Mary Alice Ford** of Beaverton was upset by conservative **Eileen Qutub**.

■ **Sig Rogich,** Las Vegas political consultant and former adviser to President **George Bush,** says the term-limit drive he started last fall yielded about 80,000 signatures to amend state constitution to limit terms of local, state, and congressional officeholders. Just over 50,000 signatures are needed for initiative to get on ballot. . . . The 37 per cent pay boost for California legislators—to $72,000, not counting non-taxed expense money—puts Golden State "far ahead of all other states in legislative pay—$15,000 above the next most populous state, New York," reports former Democrat Congressman **Lionel Van Deerling** in the *San Diego Union-Tribune*. Van Deerling calls it good investment—to keep lawmakers from being bought by interests. . . . **Lew Uhler** of National Tax Limitation Committee disagrees. He mounts drives to record which California legislators will take the money, and which won't.

■ California Assemblyman **Mickey Conroy** of Orange County wins national notice for his proposal to paddle graffiti "artists." Similar plan by Sacramento Councilman **Josh Pane** was tabled by his colleagues. . . . Court appeal is in the offing now that San Leandro, California, Planning Commission has ordered that a 120-foot-by-25-foot mural, "Women in Art Make a Difference," be painted over on the grounds that the massive "artwork" along San Leandro Boulevard constitutes a traffic hazard. Painted by 66 female artists, the mural drew protest from neighbors like **Joseph Camozzi** because of its depiction of giant topless women. San Francisco artist **Jenny Speckels**, for one, has refused to cover up her portrayal of women as erupting volcanoes.

■ From the flip-flop-flip file: after

"We're missing the action these days. Crime is up 15 per cent."

GOP Assemblyman **Jan Goldsmith** from San Diego County revealed that a school district next to the Mexican border was busing kids from the Mexican line to morning classes, Democratic state Controller **Gray Davis** announced an audit of all school districts in the area—only to back off under pressure from Assemblyman **Richard Polanco**, a Democrat from L.A. who chairs panel that oversees Davis's budget. But a letter to Davis from every member of the San Diego delegation—both Republicans and Democrats—caused him to shift back again, saying audits will go forward. As of press time, he hasn't reversed himself. . . . After Vice Provost **Michael Biechler** of Cal State Chico introduced a plan to mandate "diversity" in faculty hiring, 218 faculty members—40 percent of total—signed resolution opposing preferential treatment on basis of gender, race, religion, killing the "diversity" plan.

■ Radio talk-show host **Dennis Prager** debated Southern California ACLU chief **Ramona Ripston** at a forum sponsored by a young people's group at Sephardic Jewish Temple in West L.A. Prager drew thunderous applause by suggesting the need for ACLU had passed: We need more talk these days about responsibilities, not rights, he declared to huzzahs. . . . **Charlton Heston's** publicist **Michael Levine**, well-known author and public-relations specialist, launches a campaign for a "Statue of Responsibility" in L.A. to match N.Y.'s Statue of Liberty. . . . Ten finalists announced by Portland-based Cascade Policy Institute in its Better Government Competition, president **Steve Buckstein** reports. **Janet Beales** of Reason Foundation is among the 10, for her proposal for private-practice teaching. Another is **Bob Behnke**, an Oregon-based transit consultant, for a plan to break government transit monopolies through innovative use of computers and jitneys.

■ Actors **Eric Stolz** and **Bridget Fonda** sent letter to top literary agencies urging that scripts be printed on *both* sides of paper—to save trees. William Morris Agency signed on to idea, maybe without thinking. "If we did all scripts two-sided, it'd take 24 hours to do copying we now do in 8," one mailroom manager told *Los Angeles* magazine.

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(Continued from page West-1)

Appropriately, Mr. Ridley-Thomas himself is a quota booster. His most recent blow on behalf of race-fixation came at the L.A. Fire Department. He got the council to hold up all promotions and all new hires on the grounds that, despite aggressive quota programs, affirmative-action wasn't being pursued with enough vigor. Now the City Council is essentially micromanaging every major phase of Fire Department personnel policy—with disastrous results.

Because of the color of their skin, more than 5,000 Caucasian applicants were prohibited from taking L.A.'s firefighter exam earlier this year. Many of them had been waiting since 1987 to take the exam.

"My son has 2,500 volunteer hours with the Fire Department," said Nicole Minitello of Woodland Hills, whose twenty-year-old son, Frank, was barred from taking the test. "He works for an ambulance company and is a certified [emergency medical technician]. He wants to become a firefighter so badly but he can't. He's the wrong race."

Ben Epstein, 23, of Chatsworth, who was prohibited from taking the test, called the focus on race crazy. "If you're in a life-and-death situation you want the best-qualified person for the job. They're taking down thousands of qualified people just because of the color of their skin. Equal opportunity is all we're asking for—straight across the board. If they put someone with the same test scores against me and it's a minority, then fine, hire them. I'm for integration, but I just want the opportunity to go and take the test."

Whites who were locked out this year will be put on the list for the next test. But that could be years away, dashing many career hopes and plans.

The genesis of the new policy was a 1974 consent decree between the city and the Justice Department. Its long-range requirement was that the Fire Department eventually hire half of its recruits from minority groups. Progress has been made in that direction—the proportion of Caucasian firefighters has declined from 93 per cent in the 1970s to 67 per cent today. But not enough for the quota zealots. Thus the reverse discrimination.

Jim Crow is alive and well—and living in Los Angeles. Although with a dicier job than before. What exactly constitutes a "minority" in this era, in multi-racial Los Angeles? A generation ago, a minority could be a Chicano, a black, or an Asian. Today, with the growing number of intermarriages, the equation is in flux. My Asian wife of 12 years and I have two lovely mixed-race children: Are they officially sanctioned "minorities"?

When I asked a city personnel official how my children ought to identify themselves if they were to apply to become firefighters, the official said they should apply as Asians rather than Caucasians. When I asked if people from Persia were a legitimate minority, the reply was they're considered Caucasian. The city calls Arab-Americans and people from India Caucasian too.

Defining "minority" has become a task requiring the fine touch of a watchmaker and the arbitrariness of an old-style Soviet apparatchik. That's bad news for quotamongers like Ridley-Thomas who are becoming dinosaurs in the evolving Los Angeles, in a California that now produces more interracial marriages than any other state. As ethnic and cultural melding accelerates, the usefulness of racial quotas fades.

Yet reverse discrimination manages to march on and on. Quotas in college admissions are in full swing in California, with their condescending implication that the supposed beneficiaries aren't up to the challenges of rigorous academic standards. Quotas in public-works contracts are widespread, and equally pernicious, raising costs by limiting competition, and freezing out companies that aren't "racially correct," even if they're financially struggling.

As for the Fire Department, the equitable way to improve recruitment would be to let anyone take the test and judge everyone on merit alone. In a city as heterogeneous as L.A., there will be plenty of minority candidates to guarantee a diverse force.

One of the messages in Mayor Richard Riordan's election last year is that a growing number of voters respond to themes and policies that stretch across ethnic lines, that unite rather than divide, that address individuals as individuals, not as banner carriers for their particular ancestral groups. But the Los Angeles City Council hasn't yet caught up with the times; it should. Otherwise the city's diversity will continue to be more a dividing line than a strength. □

Mr. Steel is a lawyer in Los Angeles.

Clinton v. Nevada

FOOL'S GOLD

RAFAEL TAMMARIELLO

Nevada doesn't have three more duteous acolytes of the Clinton regime than Governor Bob Miller, Congressman James Bilbray, and Senator Harry Reid, all Democrats, naturally enough.

Yet, in recent weeks, it has dawned on these Silver State FOBs that slavish obedience to the Clintons is no protection against a President on a taxaholic tear.

Reid has kowtowed to the Clintonistas on taxes, on the Brady Bill, and on health care. Bilbray has been four-square in the President's corner on all important matters (with the exception of NAFTA). And Miller is Nevada's Number One Clinton cheerleader; he spearheaded the Clinton–Gore campaign in the Silver State.

Miller's opponent in the September Democratic primary for the nomination for his seat is Las Vegas Mayor Jan Jones, a solidly liberal feminist who—one assumes—would appeal naturally to the diversity-obsessed Clintons, especially Hillary.

But so devoted a Clinton supporter is Governor Miller that, when Hillary

Mr. Tammariello is a columnist for the Las Vegas Review-Journal.

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Clinton visited Las Vegas late in January, she threw her support unreservedly behind him, while Jones made herself scarce. Hillary's visit, and a $1,000-per-plate fundraising dinner, plumped Miller's re-election coffers by an estimated $750,000.

Bilbray and Reid sidled up as best they could to the First Lady. Film crews followed them around during her visit, capturing priceless, self-congratulatory video for use during the upcoming campaigns.

During that January visit, Hillary gushed about the vibrancy of Las Vegas, the nation's fastest-growing city. "I could sense the excitement and energy that was so palpable in the atmosphere," she told her dinner guests, remarking on the people "from all walks of life coming together to build something. What Bob Miller has done is help move this state into the future that is waiting." Ah, the politics of meaning manifests itself even in old Sin City.

But just weeks after Hillary returned to Washington, Nevadans got a blast of what her administration might do about all the "excitement and energy" she noted here: cripple it with taxes.

Just weeks after Hillary's Nevada visit, the Clinton Administration made it known that it was seriously considering a 4 per cent excise tax on net casino and race-track revenue to finance its expansion of welfare ("welfare reform" as it's called). Nevada and Atlantic City would have borne the full brunt of the blow. Nevada officials estimated a 4 per cent tax would have cost the state's gaming industry a quarter-billion dollars annually, killing 30,000 jobs and bankrupting one-third of the state's gambling establishments, many of which—contrary to popular perception—operate on slim profit margins.

Perhaps Hillary didn't rush back to the White House to inform her husband of the glittering swag waiting to be seized in booming Nevada. Perhaps the White House was just miffed, as some have speculated, at the large contributions to the Republican Party flowing out of the Nevada casino industry. But the announcement of the gambling-tax plan so soon after Hillary's visit was a fascinating coincidence.

Clinton's casino tax idea threw Nevada's political leaders into a frenzied scramble to head it off. Miller immediately jetted off to Washington and managed to corner the Clintons for four minutes to plead his state's case. Meanwhile, the tax bombshell induced some odd behavior in Nevada's senior senator, the Clinton loyalist Harry Reid.

In March, GOP Senate Leader and presidential hopeful Bob Dole organized a $2,500-per-plate breakfast meeting with top Nevada gaming executives—to raise cash for Dole's political action committee. But the gaming bigwigs were petrified about attending, afraid Clinton would punish them by pushing hard for the casino tax. For a while, it looked as if Dole would talk to an empty room.

Enter Harry Reid, who worked the phones on Dole's behalf, urging the gaming figures to *please* attend the Dole breakfast because, Reid asserted, if the gaming tax is to be defeated, Dole's help is essential. The gamers showed.

Reid himself vowed to do everything in his power to quash the tax. "I will become the most negative, the most irresponsible, the most obnoxious person ever to sit in the United States Senate," he vowed.

In the end, Nevadans prevailed and Clinton dropped the idea of a casino tax—at least for this year. Yet, no sooner had Miller and others proudly declared the tax "dead" than Budget Director Leon Panetta floated the idea of a new withholding tax on certain gambling winnings, including the proceeds of bingo, keno, and slot-machine play—again, to help finance the expansion of welfare.

Moreover, the gambling taxes are not the only hit Nevada is likely to take from the Clinton Administration. As the state that produces more than half the nation's gold, Nevada is in the sights of Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt, who is agitating for a royalty of at least 8 per cent on hardrock mines.

And Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary has declared her intent to proceed with the proposed high-level nuclear waste facility north of Las Vegas. Yet opposition to the atomic waste dump, which would house 70,000 tons of radioactive waste, has been a touchstone of Governor Miller's administration.

Another Clinton-backed policy goal could also have a nasty economic impact on Nevada. Clinton supports California Congressman Henry Waxman's bill to outlaw smoking almost everywhere outside private homes. In terms of its effect on Nevada, one might call this bill the "Monte Carlo Enrichment Act," as notoriously high-rolling and heavy-smoking gamblers from the Orient, Europe, and South America would shun the prissified smoke-free American casinos. It would take supernatural tact to inform a Japanese tycoon who has just dropped $2 million at the baccarat tables that he'll be muscled out onto the sidewalk if he lights up.

This tax-and-ban Administration is shaping up to be Nevada's worst nightmare. Miller and the boys should have chosen their friends more carefully.

Miller, by the way, began airing campaign commercials last month. So far none of them has included footage of the governor hobnobbing with the First Lady. □

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untarism, self-help, and cooperation, and with them any sense of authentic community. By compelling acceptance of Marxist–Leninist doctrine, Communist rule bred cynicism and created a vacuum of beliefs. Rather than confront the daily barrage of indoctrination, a hardened population retreated from any discussion of values.

Second, it is now clear that the old Communist *nomenklatura*, which controlled vast agrarian, industrial, and military sectors of the economy, never really relinquished influence over politics and economics, especially in the former Soviet Union. And in Central Europe, where privatization has made remarkable progress, much of the power of the ex-Communists was retained through a tightly controlled process of *nomenklatura* privatization that was implemented in the first months after the fall of the Berlin Wall. Such privatization, accompanied by rampant corruption, seemed to discredit capitalism and economic reform. It also enabled the old ex-Communist establishment to acquire an economic base for its political comeback.

© Buresch / Rothco

Third, we underestimated the intense solidarity of ex-Communists who had worked in the upper and middle reaches of Communist Party, women's, youth, and trade-union organizations. These potent networks and associations remained intact despite confiscation of much Communist Party property. Their solidarity meant that while democratic anti-Communist movements frequently splintered, the ex-Communists preserved their ability to cooperate politically.

Fourth, Central Europe's economic difficulties were greatly aggravated by the selfishness of the European Community. While the EC stressed the need to aid Eastern Bloc nations, it denied them what they really wanted: market access. Duties and quotas on steel, textiles, produce, and livestock kept imports from Poland and her neighbors to a minimum. These, of course, were the very products in which they enjoyed an advantage vis-à-vis the EC.

The EC covered its protectionism with bogus explanations. One sick sheep from Poland, for example, was cited as justification for prohibitive

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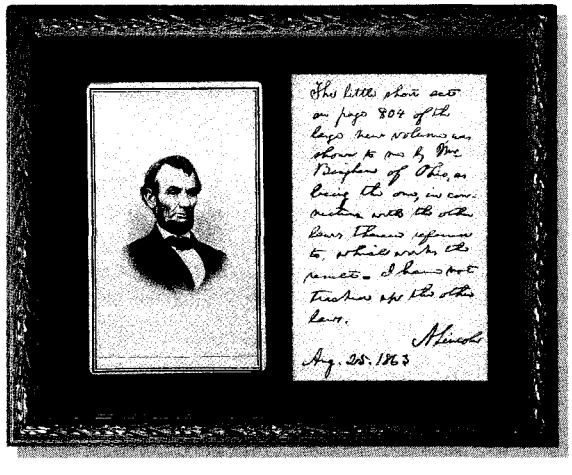

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quotas on all sheep from anywhere. Not surprisingly, Poland and her neighbors responded with duties of their own. The result was further shrinkage in the economic links between Western and Eastern Europe, hurting the economies of both areas—but plunging Central Europe into political turmoil as well.

Invasion of the Technocrats

ABOVE ALL, the ex-Communists clawed their way back to power in large part because anti-Communists lost their moral voice. As soon as the Communist system collapsed in Central and Eastern Europe, democratic ideas took the back seat. Aid from the West was directed away from building democracy, strengthening the independent media, and re-creating spiritual values, and toward rapid economic restructuring. Organizations like the National Endowment for Democracy were pushed aside as the big boys from the international financial institutions—the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank—took over.

They came to Eastern Europe to manage the technical transition to a convertible currency, and in the process they helped make finance ministers, and their dry technocratic vocabulary, the focal point of media attention. When the genuine leaders of democratic movements steeped in the values of human rights, the dignity of the individual, and moral courage were replaced on the airwaves by cold-blooded economic surgeons ready to inflict necessary pain to bring about market reform, the public was encouraged to think about reform exclusively in material terms. As the disparity grew between the few who were rapidly accumulating wealth and the many who remained extremely poor, almost no one made the *moral* case for free markets and capitalism. Almost no one spoke up to remind people that wealth-creation and the entrepreneurship it inspires are essential to the development of economically dynamic societies and to the creation of jobs.

The cultural struggle that should have been waged against the evil Communist past was jettisoned—at the very time it was needed most. Detached, pragmatic Eurocrats and Beltway Bandits recoiled at such unifying, inspiring forces as nationalism and religious revival, which had been central to the collapse of the Soviet system and are central to the fragile rebirth of civil society, community, and a sense of purpose. Instead, nationalism was equated with xenophobia and ethnic hatred—a dangerous threat to stability which, as the former Yugoslavia shows, is often cynically mobilized by ex-Communists.

Even as the values of human rights, democracy, and dignity so central to the decades-long anti-Communist struggle were replaced by a soulless technocratic jargon, most Western advisors were also urging the new leaders to dispense with any moral accounting of their predecessors' regimes and get on with more practical matters. Such a stance was convenient, as many of these same Western financial advisors had long encouraged economic cooperation with the old, Communist order. But, when great material gain was not achieved within the span of a parliamentary term—and how could it be?—it left the door open for the return of ex-Communist functionaries.

Professor Richard Rose of the University of Strathclyde in Glasgow has been tracking public attitudes toward the transition in most post–Soviet Bloc countries. He has found that the citizens of Central Europe and the former USSR appreciate the improvements that have come in matters of political rights and civil liberties. They like the fact that they can now worship in the church of their choice, speak their minds freely, vote for the party of their choice, and choose television shows and newspapers that are more truthful and open. Yet the democratic revolutionaries who led the movement to secure these new rights failed to remind the public of these tangible gains. Had they done so, they might have withstood the populist and materialist onslaught of the ex-Communists and bought more time for the economic transition.

Of course, not all the blame for losing the East rests with the West. In part because so many citizens had collaborated with the old system, East European political leaders found it expedient to bury the memory of the Communist past. Yet it wasn't necessary to ban high-ranking Communists

Bridges™
a Liberal/Conservative Dialogue with Larry Josephson

BRIDGES Station List

As we went to press, BRIDGES will be heard in the following markets starting July, August or September:

Ames, IA	WOI (640 AM)	
Sundays at 10 am	(starts 7/9)	
Ashland, OR	KSJK (1230 AM)	
Saturdays at 4 pm	(starts 7/9)	
Billings, MT	KEMC (91.7 FM)	
Thursdays at 7 pm	(starts 7/14)	
Bozeman, MT	KBMC (102.1 FM)	
Thursdays at 7 pm	(starts 7/14)	
Cleveland, OH	WCPN (90.3 FM)*	
Columbus, OH	WCBE (90.5 FM)	
Saturdays at 6 am	(starts 7/9)	
Iowa City, IA	WSUI (910 AM)	
Saturdays at 9 pm	(starts 7/9)	
Lynnwood, WA	KSER (90.7 FM)	
Sundays at 4:30 pm	(starts 7/10)	
New York, NY	WNYC (820 AM)	
Sundays at 8 pm	(starts 7/10)	
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Spokane, WA	KPBX (91-1 FM)*	
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Bridges™
a Liberal/Conservative Dialogue with Larry Josephson

A New Series for Public Radio

Background

In our post-Cold-War, post-industrial, post-toasty world, the polarities of the last fifty years are breaking down. As the tectonic plates of ideology shift beneath our society, the terms "liberal" and "conservative" are increasingly difficult to define or apply: Bill Clinton supports the death penalty; Barry Goldwater is pro-choice; Bill Safire is a Bosnian interventionist, Pat Buchanan is not.

What Is BRIDGES?

BRIDGES will give conservatives a forum on public radio to discuss the great issues of the day. While left-right debates are often predictable and unyielding, BRIDGES will, we hope, inspire listeners of every political persuasion to re-examine their beliefs. More conversation than crossfire, more social philosophy than breaking news, BRIDGES will harness the tensions between left and right to produce compelling radio.

By providing regular, in-depth access to public radio for conservatives, BRIDGES will answer the oft-repeated charge that public radio is run by and for liberals.

Focus

BRIDGES will examine a wide range of topics, including personal morality and values, the social contract, civil liberties, civil rights and responsibilities, state support of the arts and its dangers (censorship and more subtle forms of control), welfare reform, and foreign and defense policy. We will ask, what is the proper role of government in the doctor's office, in the bedroom, in the economy and in the world (can and should we be the world's policeman in response to televised horror)? We will also address political correctness, multiculturalism, bilingualism and affirmative action.

BRIDGES will present the best minds from across the conservative spectrum—from libertarians to the Christian right. Guests such as ***William F. Buckley, Jr., Robert Dole, Jack Kemp, William Safire, Charles Murray, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Mario Vargas Llosa, William Bennett, Robert Bork, Thomas Sowell, William Kristol, James Q. Wilson, P. J. O'Rourke, David Brock, Robert Bartley, Hilton Kramer, Stanley Crouch, Richard Rodriguez, Francis Fukuyama*** and many others will be heard on BRIDGES.

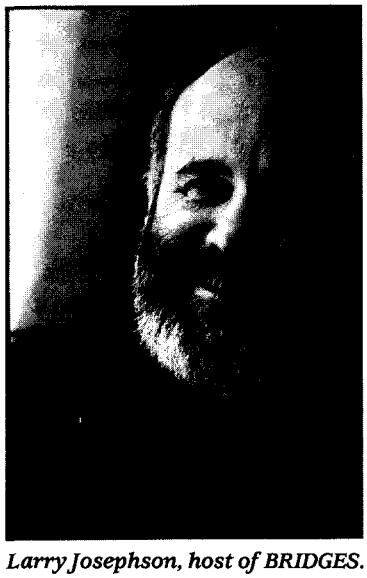

PHOTO: STEPHEN LAUFER

Larry Josephson, host of BRIDGES.

Host

The host of BRIDGES is ***Larry Josephson,*** a neo-liberal (one who's been mugged). For the past several years he has been re-examining his political beliefs, which were formed in the heyday of classical American liberalism—from Roosevelt to Kennedy and Johnson—a world view which no longer exists.

Larry Josephson has spent nearly 30 years before a public radio microphone, most recently as host of MODERN TIMES, a two-hour live talk show heard nationwide on American Public Radio. He is spontaneous, intelligent and well-informed—acerbic, yet warm and empathetic. He uses humor to conduct interviews that are both entertaining *and* serious. Josephson often asks the unexpected question.

Form

In some programs, Larry will profile his conservative guests one-on-one for the full hour. In others, he will talk with two different guests (one, a liberal) *seriatim*. Sometimes he will moderate a panel composed of liberals and conservatives.

Goals

As the metaphor "Bridges" implies, these discussions will provide a venue for a meeting of minds between conservatives and liberals. A radio program cannot by itself solve the nation's problems or heal its divisions. Radio that is serious, intelligent, relevant and entertaining *can* start and sustain the dialogue.

Where to Find BRIDGES

BRIDGES will air starting July 7. ***See station list at left or call your local public radio station for day and time of broadcast.***

BRIDGES is produced and distributed by The Radio Foundation, Inc., and is funded by major grants from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Additional funding from the Weingart Foundation, Edwin A. Goodman, Bill Wood and Peter & Eileen Norton.

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from seeking office (as legislation in the Czech Republic did) or to hold trials of those guilty of political crimes (as Germany did after reunification) in order to remind citizens of the evils of totalitarian rule. This could, and should, have been done rigorously by the media and by the educational institutions of the post-Communist states.

Today, someone returning to Eastern Europe and the USSR after six years' isolation on a desert island might well conclude that the old Communist establishment had at last been supplanted—by a more forward-looking new generation of market-oriented Communist reformers. This desert castaway might also conclude that the big losers were those head-in-the-clouds anti-Communist dissidents whose high moral values had proved unyielding when contrasted with the flexible neo-Communist "pragmatists" who had "worked from within" to change the old system. Today, just as six years ago, he would find most of the dissenters on the political sidelines, while the factory directors, Party ideologists, and clever Komsomol activists have emerged as the true winners of the transition.

Can this trend be reversed? Clearly the pendulum will again swing. The ex-Communists who have staged their remarkable comeback now operate in a circumscribed universe. In most of the post-Communist states they are aware that if they return to their old ways they can once again be swept out of power—whether through the ballot box or through a wave of strikes, public protests, and unrest led by a resurgent civil society. There are economic constraints, as well—among them, the emergence of a true middle class and increased trade links with the industrial democracies

A Case of Two Standards

I HAVE always been in favor of trying the torturers, the secret policemen, and the informers who made Communism last as long as it did, the same way we tried Nazi war criminals. Justice should be seen to be done, or else a new lot of scoundrels will think they can get away with it. Even more urgently, we need to put on trial the Western liberals who aided and abetted them. These trials could be broadcast in the form of a program on CNN or C-SPAN, perhaps called *Show Trial*, with those pronounced guilty being offered a one-way ticket to North Korea. Otherwise, we shall forevermore have to live with endless effusions of hypocrisy such as those which Western liberals emitted in reaction to the new conservative government in Italy.

On both sides of the Atlantic, the Left raised howls of rage at media magnate Silvio Berlusconi's inclusion in his new government of five ministers belonging to the National Alliance. Naturally, "neo-fascists" in government for the first time since the war makes a good story.

Also, journalists do not, on the whole, approve when one of their own crosses into the opposite camp and becomes a politician. In Berlusconi's case it is not just one of their own crossing the line, but one of their bosses, so the hostility was guaranteed from the start. There are, moreover, legitimate questions as to how Berlusconi can convince voters that he has erected a Chinese wall between his premiership and his financial interests.

But instead of giving the new prime minister time to sort out the issues and to present his program, Berlusconi's opponents have launched a moral crusade. President Mitterrand went on French television to express his displeasure and concern. The deputy chairman of the German SPD called the inclusion of National Alliance ministers a "disgrace for Italy and for Europe." Belgium's deputy prime minister announced that "for moral reasons" Belgian ministers will not associate with National Alliance ministers. At that proud tower of political wisdom in the modern world, the European Parliament in Strasbourg, angry left-wing deputies vowed never to sit down or deal with the Italian "neo-fascists."

If jackboots were thumping up and down the streets of Rome, there would indeed be cause for concern. However, on my recent visit, cashmere jackets were more in evidence than brown shirts. The Italians themselves seem equally untroubled. In a recent poll, 60 per cent said that National Alliance participation in government posed no threat to democracy. Italy's president has also rejected the insults and reaffirmed that the new government will unquestionably respect Italy's alliances, treaties, and borders. But if there is no threat to Italian democracy or to the international order, then what is it that fires the Left's moral crusaders?

After all, the political heirs of totalitarian regimes have been taking power on average once every six months for the last couple of years. When Poland's Social Democrats (the re-named Communist Party) took power after the general election in September 1993, the word from the State Department, the Foreign Office, liberal politicians, and most of the press was that there is no cause for concern because these people are "reformed." Members of the same German SPD that condemns Italy's "neo-fascists" actually helped to elect Wlodzimierz Cimoszewicz—a Pole who was once a Communist presidential candidate and who is the son of a 1950s Stalinist torturer—as the *chairman* of the *human-rights commission* of the Council of Europe. The recent Socialist Party landslide in Hungary has likewise been greeted with equanimity, even though the party's chairman led the traitorous local thugs who helped the Soviet Army suppress the Hungarian uprising in 1956.

U.S. journalism reflects the same priorities. The *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Washington Post* have among them devoted more than 3,300 words to reports warning of the dangerous consequences of the Italian Center/Right victory. Several reports linked the new government with the crimes of the Mussolini years; others were devoted to fretting over whether the

Mr. Sikorski, NR's roving correspondent, wrote about the Afghanistan war in his book The Dust of the Saints.

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Yet economic constraints are not enough in the long run. The worrying signals from the post-Communist world suggest that Western aid programs should be redirected away from their nearly exclusive focus on market mechanisms and local administration. Clearly an emphasis must once again be placed on democratic ideas and values. Aid programs should aim at the strengthening of independent media, democratic education of the young, and the dissemination of books and journals that promote respect for political freedoms. Assistance should also be targeted to independent trade unions that give voice to the interests of ordinary working people and so act as a barrier to the rise of pro-Communist and pro-fascist sentiments among those who have borne the brunt of the harsh economic transitions.

For the moment, anti-democratic values are on the rise. Just three years ago, AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland met with Sándor Nagy, the leader of what had been Hungary's official state-controlled Communist trade union. Nagy told him: "There are three major currents in Hungary today—the Christian Democrats, the liberals, and the Social Democrats."

Kirkland, who has spent a lifetime fighting totalitarianism, looked him in the eye and asked: "Mr. Nagy, tell me: what happened to all the Communists?" Sándor Nagy turned a deep red. Now, he and his cronies are back near the levers of power.

As a lifelong anti-Communist surveying the dismal political landscape of what used to be the Soviet Bloc, I am depressed by what I see. But in the post–Cold War world, everyone must make his own accommodations. And so I, too, have abandoned my old faith. Now I am an anti-post-Communist. □

rightists had successfully shed their fascist past.

By contrast the same newspapers made no negative references to Communists' regaining power in Poland and Lithuania—and gave only 370 words to concerns about the restoration of Communist power in Hungary. And at that, the anxiety was concentrated on the party leader's personal record rather than the historic record of the Hungarian Communist Party. Indeed, a *Times* editorial expressly reassured its readers that "the resurrection of Hungary's Communists need not cause alarm."

This contrasting treatment is particularly instructive since the National Alliance is a junior partner in Italy's new government, whereas Hungary's former Communists enjoy an absolute majority in Parliament and could form a government without any partners at all. A second instructive contrast: the *New York Times*, leaving nothing to chance, pointed out that Mussolini had not in fact made the trains run on time; but the same newspaper claimed, absurdly, that Erich Honecker had "brought prosperity" to East Germany.

A final contrast sums up the media's attitudes: phrases like "a resurgence of fascism" have occurred 48 times in the three newspapers since just before the Berlusconi victory. There were no phrases like "a resurgence of communism" in the stories on Poland, Hungary, and Lithuania.

Could we possibly be dealing here with something of a double standard? Political heirs of one totalitarian movement are suspect even after half a century of purgatory and even though they were children (or not yet born) when their antecedents were in power. On the other hand, the political heirs of another totalitarian movement are acceptable within a few years, even when they personally wielded undemocratic power.

As usual, the difference in treatment seeps into the language. Men who made their careers under Khrushchev and Brezhnev are "former" or "reformed" Communists, which suggests that they have repented of their bad old ways and turned over a new leaf. Men who cannot even remember Mussolini, on the other hand, are "neo"-fascists—which faintly insinuates a desire to restore fascism, even when the party's leaders stress that they regard fascism as a distant memory.

It is not worth trying to compare the respective nastinesses of the two totalitarianisms. Suffice it to say that, whether by body count or by hostility to human freedoms, they were worthy of each other. What is interesting is why Western liberals and left-wingers have still not grasped this simple truth. Why do they greet the resurgence of one totalitarian tradition with indifference and the shadow of the other with rage and indignation?

Some reasons are obvious: the fascist powers lost the war, and their criminality was fully exposed and judged by the victors; while the Soviet Union not only was the democracies' ally, but actually inspired the enthusiasm of such icons of the Left as FDR. As Paul Hollander pointed out recently in these pages, even when we discover *new* evidence of Soviet genocide, such as the mass graves in Byelorussia containing 200,000 corpses, Western liberals in the media and government quite literally don't want to know.

For modern liberals have the same ideological roots as the Communists. Even today, though discarded in practice, nationalization and state control over the economy are still in the platform of, for example, the British Labour Party. Most of the European Left chose democracy rather than revolution and thereby veered away from the Bolsheviks, but these were schisms within the Marxist church rather than different faiths. No wonder that the prodigal sons are now being welcomed back with open arms. The Left does not want to see the former Communists condemned any more than it wishes to be reminded of its own intellectual collaboration with the Soviet Union, its enthusiasms for peace movements, convergence theories, Che Guevara, or Hanoi Jane. At bottom, the Left's affair with the Soviet Union also tells us something sad about human nature: provided you lie big enough, millions of clever fools will be taken in. And rather than admit it, they will continue to excuse the regimes that lied.

On reflection, North Korea is too good for them. —Radek Sikorski

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Election '94

NO TENNESSEE WALTZ

Can Fred Thompson make his race against Jim Cooper a referendum on Clinton Lite?

GEOFFREY MORRIS

WHETHER or not Dan Rostenkowski's absence means an end to health-care legislation as we know it, the issue is at the forefront of the Tennessee Senate race between Republican Fred Thompson and Democrat Jim Cooper for the seat that Al Gore vacated when he became Vice President.

Thompson, a former U.S. attorney and Watergate prosecutor, wet his feet politically running Howard Baker's congressional campaigns in the Sixties and Seventies. He later entered private law practice—fighting the mob and the government. Shortly thereafter he began to moonlight on the silver screen: playing G-men in numerous films and, most recently, a gruff White House Chief of Staff in Clint Eastwood's *In the Line of Fire*. His characters have all been versions of himself: burly, lumbering, and quietly commanding. In fact, his acting career began in *Marie*, starring Sissy Spacek, in which he actually plays himself, as the attorney who helped bring down Democratic Governor Ray Blanton for corruption.

"I've always been an advocate, and that's still true now," he says. "It's time to stand up against big government, to stand up against all this nonsense going on up there in Washington. . . . Howard Baker was right when he said that we could measure the downfall of the Republic from the day they air-conditioned the Capitol. We need a law that says that Congress cannot be in session more than half the year."

But more realistic policy proposals are likely to dominate campaign debate—especially health care, which is the issue that put Jim Cooper, a six-term representative from Shelbyville, on the national political map. Indeed, last fall his health-care plan was touted as the only real alternative to the Clinton plan.

Cooper's career parallels Clinton's at many points. He breezed through the University of North Carolina in just three years, went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, then to Harvard Law. But politics has always been in his blood (his father, Prentice, was governor in the Sixties). So after practicing law for two years, he ran for an open House seat in 1982 against Cissy Baker, Howard's daughter. He won easily. At 27, he was the youngest member of the House.

Cooper has tried assiduously to position himself to the right of Clinton in the health-care debate, dubbing his

Roman Genn

managed-competition plan "Clinton Lite"—intended as a favorable label. A friendly media helped market it. The press reiterated Cooper's claim that "this is the first health-reform approach since Harry Truman to get major Democrat and Republican support." (In fact, as Trudy Lieberman points out in the *Columbia Journalism Review*, in 1983, to name just one instance, Republicans joined with congressional Democrats to change Medicare-payment systems.) Everyone from ABC News and the *New York Times* to the *Washington Times* and *U.S. News & World Report* labeled Cooper's bill a middle-of-the-road plan, "the one most likely to succeed."

Its early strengths were that 1) it wasn't the Clinton plan and 2) few people had actually read it. Once scrutinized, it sank in popularity. It has fewer co-sponsors now than two months ago. Its biggest setback came in May when a Congressional Budget Office report revealed that it could increase the federal deficit $35 billion annually ($301 billion over ten years). And, said CBO, the plan would still leave 24 million people uninsured.

Single-payer proponent Representative Pete Stark (D., Calif.) says the Cooper plan is "all pap and blather. Everybody's got to love it because it doesn't do anything." In fact, it would do quite a bit. It would limit choice, force employers toward plans that offered fewer services, and drive people into government-controlled alliances.

"The plan is a product of someone who has spent his life in government," says Daniel Casse of the Project for the Republican Future. "Cooper, like Clinton, is fascinated with government and thinks he can make it work. But in fact the plan is extraordinarily destructive to people's lives."

"The Cooper plan comes out of the hide of the middle-class taxpayer," says Robert Moffit in a March Heritage Foundation report. "The Cooper plan would allow companies to deduct only an amount equal to the cost of the cheapest health plan" in any of the regional alliances. Any amount above that would be taxed at the normal corporate rate, now 35 per cent. "Companies," says Moffit, "will seek to avoid the new federal tax by reducing benefits in their health packages . . . You can't go after business and not expect to hurt employees."

The Cooper people shrug off such criticism as politics. The plan is untested, but yes, it will work, they say. But as John Hood points out below, managed competition *is* being tested in Cooper's own Tennessee, and the results are less than satisfactory. Just

Mr. Morris is NR's executive editor.

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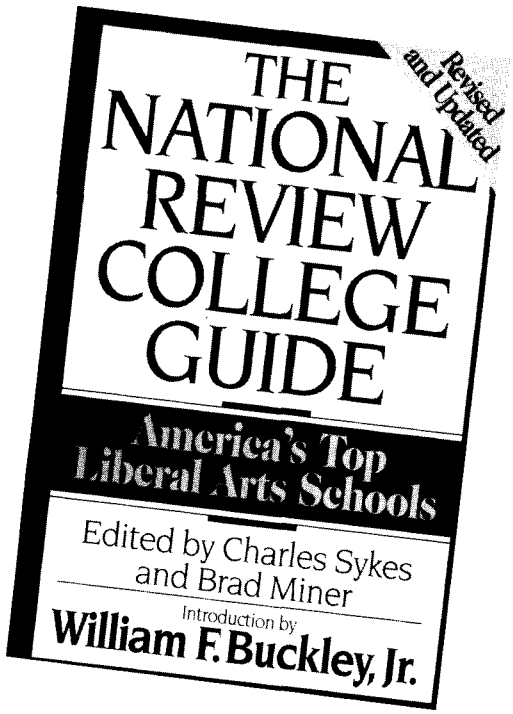
Revised and Updated
THE NATIONAL REVIEW COLLEGE GUIDE
America's Top Liberal Arts Schools
Edited by Charles Sykes and Brad Miner
Introduction by
William F. Buckley, Jr.

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like Cooper's plan, TennCare aims to improve delivery, insure more people, and lower costs. At present, it seems to be failing on all counts.

"It's very unpopular among physicians and providers," says F. Lee Smith, publisher of *The Tennessee Journal*, a weekly political newsletter. "But the question for Thompson is: Can he tie Cooper to the Democratic health-care albatross? Clinton's a tremendous liability for candidates in our part of the country. Nevertheless, Cooper has cleverly placed himself against Clinton on health care. Thompson's

The Lessons of TennCare

IT WAS the beginning of January, and Crystal Johnson, one month old, had severe diarrhea. But when her mother, Linda, took her to the Jackson Clinic in Jackson, Tennessee—the state's largest multispecialty center, where Mrs. Johnson had regularly taken her other children—the clinic refused to treat Crystal. Why? Because the clinic's 78 doctors had not yet signed up for Tennessee's new indigent-care plan, called TennCare. By the time the baby received treatment at another hospital, it was too late.

Crystal Johnson's case was a tragic example of the mass confusion that has greeted Tennessee's highly touted experiment in managed competition. TennCare, devised and shepherded through the federal approval process by Governor Ned McWherter, was supposed to be a trial run for many of the ideas incorporated in health-reform plans across the country, including President Clinton's proposal. The plan replaced the state's traditional "fee for service" Medicaid program (in which doctors who accept assignment of indigent patients are paid directly by the state for each visit) with a "health alliance" approach, similar to Clinton's, in which indigent Tennesseans would instead enroll in approved HMOs or other managed-care networks; their monthly premiums would be paid out of state and federal Medicaid funds. TennCare was to operate under a "global budget," with annual increases tied to inflation. And the program's standard benefits package included "preventive care," in the expectation that encouraging such care would reduce health problems, and thus eventually reduce health-care costs.

Tennessee's experience has indeed put this approach through its paces, and the results have not been good. TennCare was supposed to:

—Improve the delivery of medical services. Instead, the program's low rates of payment and onerous rules for participation convinced many doctors and health insurers that they didn't want to be involved. For example, when Tennessee Provider Network (TPN), a managed-care program run by Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Tennessee, informed its participating doctors that they would have to take TennCare patients, about half of the network's 6,400 doctors dropped out. And several large managed-care networks in the state—such as PruCare, Aetna Health Plan, and Provident Life & Accident—chose not to join TennCare.

The state medical association says that TennCare payments are running at about 40 per cent of the cost of services rendered, while the Medicaid program had been paying about 50 per cent.

And that's assuming that the payments arrive at all. Dr. Neil Feld, a neonatologist in Knoxville, complained in February that he had not yet received any reimbursement for any of his TennCare patients, about a third of his 1994 practice thus far. "How long can I continue to keep a practice open if fully 32 per cent of my practice . . . is not reimbursed?" Feld asked at a forum of Knox County health-care providers. "I mean, how do you keep the doors open?"

—Provide information to patients to improve their quality of care. Lists of network doctors distributed by the fledging health alliances have proved to be worthless. One Knoxville schoolteacher enrolled in TPN found that of the 44 pediatricians listed for her area, only 9 will accept new patients. Of the remaining 35, 10 are specialists, 15 work only in hospital emergency rooms, and 10 are not accepting new patients. Roughly a third of the 44 weren't even listed in the phone book.

—Guarantee a basic level of benefits to all Tennesseans. In fact, TennCare's standard benefits package is more than just "basic." As often happens when government sets benefits, politics intruded. "Everyone and his brother testified that their benefits were 'basic' and should be included," says one health-insurance offical in Nashville. In the end, TennCare provides unlimited coverage for such services as drug prescriptions, home health care, and inpatient psychiatry, and significant coverage of drug rehabilitation programs, outpatient mental health, and dental and vision services for those under 21.

Since up to 1.5 million of Tennessee's 5 million residents would be allowed to enroll in TennCare with government subsidies, won't some employers just cancel their existing health insurance and let their employees sign up for TennCare? The state claims it can prevent that, but it remains an obvious risk.

—Promote equity in health care. TennCare was supposed to give poor people the chance to obtain the higher-quality care available to those with private insurance. Instead, the result may well be to give middle-class people the same shoddy service the poor have been used to getting from Medicaid. A lobbyist for Blue Cross/Blue Shield, commenting on complaints from TPN members who have lost access to their doctors since the network joined TennCare, remarked: "Let's face it, the teachers and the TPN people are having to deal with a little of what the poor people have had to deal with."

—Save lots of money. Several independent studies have concluded that the math just doesn't add up. Analyses by the state's Comptroller of the Treasury and the Fiscal Review Committee suggested that to

Mr. Hood is vice president of the John Locke Foundation, a state policy think tank in Raleigh, N.C.

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job is to wipe away that difference."

Thompson is clearly trying to do just that. "Both TennCare and Cooper's health plan are radical departures from standard practice," says press

the extent state-government costs were lowered, the tab would simply be picked up by health-care providers or federal taxpayers. A report by consultants Milliman & Robertson Inc. to the state panel overseeing TennCare concluded that key parts of the plan "were not based on commonly accepted actuarial methods."

Another study, by Tennessee Tech finance professor Deryl Martin, found numerous technical problems with the state's fiscal projections, particularly since TennCare would add hundreds of thousands of people not eligible for Medicaid to a program still funded largely on the basis of Medicaid dollars.

The plan does nothing to reduce the problem of third-party payments that fuels so large a part of medical inflation—indeed, it arguably makes the problem worse by providing so-called preventive care with no deductible at all. Dr. B. Stephens Dudley, a Nashville physician, notes that Medicaid patients already "distinguish themselves by being very heavy utilizers of the health-care system" since they pay virtually nothing out of pocket for the services they consume.

There is one other promise of TennCare that is ominous on the face of it: that the program will cut costs by setting standard benefits, enforcing "community rating" on prices, and guaranteeing access to everyone regardless of health condition. This, surely, would lead insurers to discourage "sicker" patients from enrolling in their plan. One strategy insurers could use, even under heavily regulated managed competition, is to limit access to specialists and high-quality care, thus giving consumers who need such care a strong incentive to enroll in another plan. That's the way managed competition is likely to work in the real world—as contrasted with the make-believe world of state or federal policymakers. —John Hood

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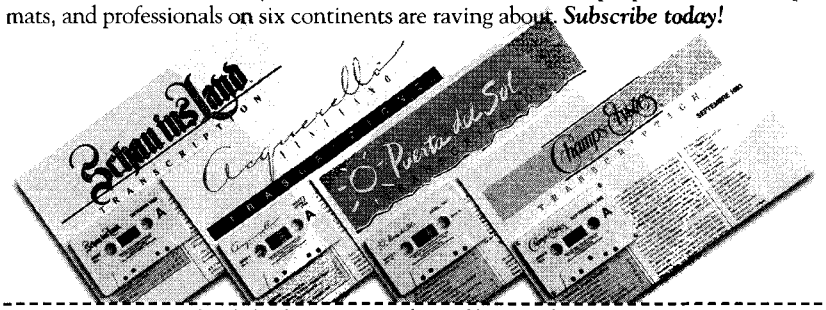

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secretary Dick Kopper. "TennCare is being tested right now and it has rattled the state with foul-ups. What's going to happen if this sort of thing happens nationally?"

Favorite Son

DEFINING himself politically has always been Cooper's strength. If you were to drive through Tennessee from southwestern Virginia to northeastern Mississippi, it would take some eight hours through mostly rural back country. And you could do it without ever leaving Cooper's congressional district. Though his elitist educational background would normally gain him a bad reputation in many of these areas, a resident in one small country town said he thought Cooper's Rhodes Scholarship was a great thing: "We need someone to fix our roads." He has traveled the state, listened to gripes, and provided seemingly satisfactory answers. He has never received less than 64 per cent of the vote.

However, he was an early backer of the cable-regulation bill, which resulted in higher rates. He worked hard for the passage of the Clean Water Act, whose burdensome regulations are now taking their toll. In addition to supporting Clinton's tax hikes, Cooper favored raising the gas tax and passing the stimulus package.

Thompson, meanwhile, advocates rolling back Clintonomics, fighting crime with tougher sentencing and the death penalty, reducing welfare rolls, enacting strict term limits, etc. On abortion, both Thompson and Cooper are pro-choice. But Thompson favors parental notification, Cooper voted against it. Cooper accepts money from the tobacco industry (a major Tennessee employer) while leading the anti-smoking crusade. Thompson proudly puffs a pipe.

Cooper will run both as an incumbent (which he's not in the post he's seeking) by ticking off goodies he has brought to the state, and as an outsider by distancing himself from other Democrats on health care. Thompson, of course, is in a position to pin Cooper on taxing, spending, and all the baggage a Democratic representative carries after 12 years in office.

Their dispositions are worlds apart. One can imagine Thompson in two settings: telling stories on a rocking chair, and walking at a slow determined pace across a courtroom floor to turn an opposition witness into mincemeat. Cooper on the other hand is small, well-tailored, programmed. You can imagine him standing in front of Senator Bob Dole's famous health-care chart—and proudly endorsing it.

If health care gets put off until next year, a Fred Thompson victory in November would be a big nail in the coffin of socialized medicine. He needs to play himself brilliantly one more time to pull this show off. □

The Election—and Beyond

MANANA IS ANOTHER DAY

Mexico can no longer afford PRI politics as usual—nor IMF austerity as usual.

LAWRENCE KUDLOW

COULD Mexico's Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), the corporatist behemoth that has governed the country for 65 years, actually lose the presidential election this August? It sounds unthinkable. Conventional wisdom suggests that the PRI will be victorious once again, even if it has to steal the election. But this wisdom ignores how longtime ruling parties like Japan's Liberal Democrats and Canada's Tories have disappeared down history's plughole in the last year—not to mention how Silvio Berlusconi defeated a corrupt status quo in Italy on a clear program of tax reduction, deregulation, and electoral reform.

In Mexico the PRI, rife with corruption from top to bottom, is now menaced by a different sort of scandal. New evidence suggests that Luis Donaldo Colosio, its original presidential candidate, was assassinated by agents connected to PRI barons. So a PRI defeat is no longer out of the question. Indeed, unless President Salinas reverses the widespread dissatisfaction now gripping Mexicans, it may even be likely.

In fairness to Salinas, he carried out historic economic reforms in 1989—stabilizing the currency, privatizing key industries such as telecommunications and banking, liberalizing trade (he got NAFTA under way), and reducing Mexico's sky-high taxes. This last reform was too modest: the top income tax rate, though reduced from 62 per cent to about 35 per cent, continued to fall on people earning as little as $11,000 per year. Still, the reforms did produce a significant, if shortlived, economic revival. Economic activity expanded at a rate of nearly 4 per cent for three years, and inflation dropped from 150 per cent to 8 per cent.

But the engine started to sputter in 1992 when the growth rate slipped to 2.6 per cent, falling to a mere 0.4 per cent in 1993. Recession set in late last year, with no recovery yet sighted.

Why did the animal spirits flag? Much of the downturn can be traced to a U-turn in Mexican policy, first signaled by Finance Minister Pedro Aspe in a speech in New York in early 1993. He told a Wall Street audience that 3 per cent would be the maximum growth target; anything above that would reignite inflation, and therefore should be curbed. He also expressed concern over the growing Mexican trade deficit.

This directly contradicted his boss's earlier speech to the Economics Club of New York. In October 1992 Salinas had said that strong growth was the primary economic goal and that the trade deficit was not a problem, offset

Mr. Kudlow is NR*'s economics editor.*

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as it was by huge capital inflows.

Why the U-turn? Because of the IMF. In early 1993, IMF officials told the Mexican government to raise interest rates in order to slow growth, and to depreciate the peso in order to restore the trade balance. They also thwarted a new round of Mexican tax relief, arguing that tax cuts would raise inflation by increasing consumer demand. Of course, these are exactly the same austerity policies that Mexico and the rest of Latin America, notably Brazil and Argentina, pursued during the 1970s and '80s. The result was the rise of left-wing politics and/or military dictatorships throughout Latin America. Indeed, Brazil is still pursuing IMF austerity, plunging into triple-digit inflation and deep recession with a desperate consistency.

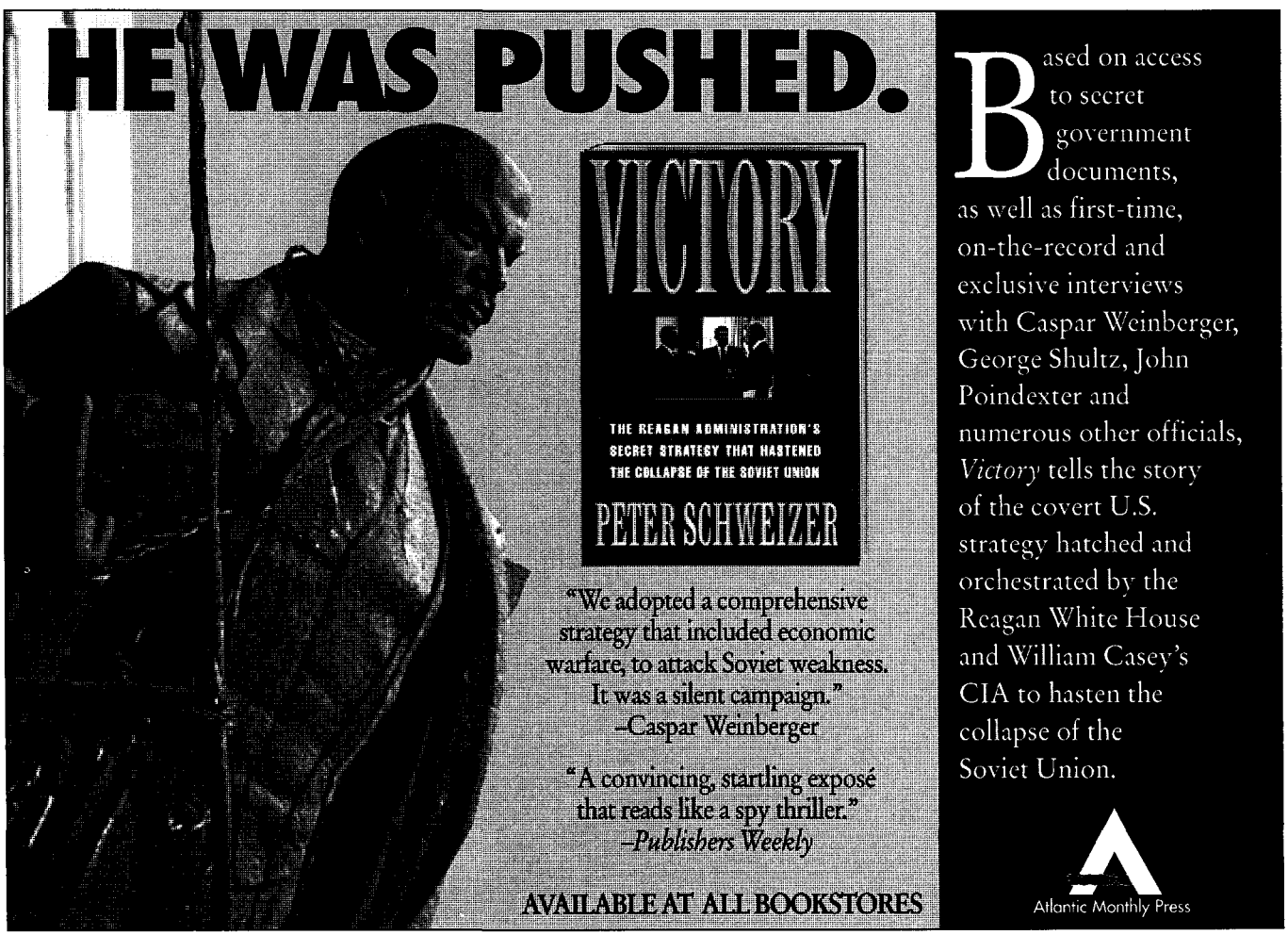
Salinas initially rejected the IMF's formula in 1989—apparently understanding that an economic recovery *should* produce a trade deficit as investment demand, consumer spending, and rates of return on capital all rise. He also seemed to grasp that lower tax rates would boost economic output by improving incentives for work effort, investment, and productivity (which, indeed, is exactly what happened in the first round of Mexican tax reform in the early 1990s). But, ignoring his own success, he inexplicably returned to the IMF formula in 1993.

With Brazilian results. Interest rates shot up to over 20 per cent, and have recently settled in around 16 per cent. With 8 per cent inflation, that leaves a real interest rate of 8 per cent—an economy-scorching rate. Small businesses, if they are able to get a loan, have to pay an unaffordable 25 to 30 per cent.

Variations on One Theme

IT IS against this unappetizing economic backdrop that the campaign for the presidency is being fought. So far, the candidates have hardly distinguished themselves by either courage or sound economic analysis. The PRI candidate, reformer Ernesto Zedillo, has spoken only in vague democratic generalities. Even worse, Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas, of the leftist Party of Democratic Revolution (PRD), has spoken only in vague socialist generalities. Somewhat more promising is Diego Fernández of the conservative National Action Party (PAN), who has drawn even with Zedillo in recent polls by campaigning on a platform of social conservatism and pro-business economics. At least he has hinted at pro-growth tax reforms to help small and medium-sized businesses.

But even reformers' political imaginations are still limited by the PRI's top-down corporatist model, which inevitably leads to greater welfarism, bureaucratization, and corruption. No candidate has yet fully grasped—or at least fully articulated—that reform must not be confined to large corporations. Farmers, small businessmen, and the middle class throughout the country must also benefit, and visibly. Democracy and prosperity can only be achieved by policies that provide incentives for all workers, and make it easier for all businesses—large and small—to get the capital necessary to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expand employment and create new wealth.

That is why fiscal and monetary reforms must be broad based. At least four tax reforms will be necessary to reinvigorate growth:

1. Raise the income threshold for the top tax rate. The top 35 per cent rate shouldn't kick in until at least $250,000, and people at the low end should be removed from the tax rolls entirely. This will reward work and business creation, and reduce non-reporting in the underground economy.

2. End the punitive 35 per cent capital-gains tax rate on the sale of equity or assets outside the stock market. This will promote new firms, recapitalize existing family firms, and stimulate enterprise in general.

3. Repeal the 2 per cent asset tax, which is a barrier to the purchase or sale of family firms, causes a tremendous underreporting of income, and prevents the recapitalization necessary for new company listings on the stock exchange.

4. Simplify the tax code. Documentation is too complex, government approval of cashed checks and other expense and income certification too burdensome, audits too frequent, and accounting almost incomprehensible.

In addition to these fiscal reforms, Mexico must make its money sounder. Money, which is owned by everyone in society, is the most populist element of economic policy. Nothing will enhance saving, investment, and work effort more than money that people *know* will keep its value. Mexico must end its disastrous high-interest-rate policy and formally acknowledge the dollarization trend which is the real monetary standard in Latin America—by linking the new peso to the U.S. dollar at a fixed exchange rate. Expansion of the monetary base would then be limited to the amount of gold and foreign-exchange reserves on hand. This currency-board approach has been successfully employed in Argentina, where the economy is growing at an 8 per cent rate with zero inflation.

Currency reform would bring Mexican interest rates down below 10 per cent, converging with U.S. rates. During the heyday of Bretton Woods, from 1950 to 1973, when the peso was fixed to the dollar and the dollar was tied to gold, Mexican inflation averaged only 4½ per cent yearly. Mexico will never develop a long-term capital market, or maintain foreign investment confidence, or permanently reduce inflation, until it has a reliable peso.

The Mexican story now stands at a historical turning point. Its growth experiment has stalled and the Chiapos uprising portends even more social unrest to come. If the economy is not to continue unraveling and the political system not to decline into murderous factionalism, Mexico needs significant economic reform on the above lines.

That—and a declaration that IMF officials are *personae non gratae*. □

Euthanasia in Michigan

BETTER DEAD THAN FED?

As the poet had it: 'Thou shalt not kill, but needst not strive officiously to keep alive.'

WESLEY J. SMITH

'AFRAID" Michael Martin spelled out on the alphabet board. He is a brain-damaged 51-year-old man in Allegan County, Michigan.

"Are you afraid of somebody?" the speech/language therapist asked.

Michael shook his head no.

"Are you afraid for somebody?"

Michael nodded his head yes.

Was he afraid for the nurses, aides, or his roommate, David?

No.

Was he afraid for himself?

Yes.

Michael Martin is the center of a heated dispute between Mary Martin, his wife and guardian, on the one hand, and Pat Major and Leeta Martin, his sister and mother, on the other. Their argument is about whether Michael should be starved and dehydrated to death.

"Do you like it here?"

Yes.

"Do you feel you get good care here?"

Yes.

"Are you afraid someone will take you from this facility?"

Yes.

The therapist then told Michael that he would be with them for "quite awhile." According to the chart notes, Michael then gave a big smile.

That optimistic hope is about to be dashed. County Probate Judge George A. Grieg, has agreed to allow Mary to order Michael's feeding tube removed. The judge's ruling was affirmed on appeal. Unless attorneys John and Daniel Hess (representing Pat and Leeta) can prevail in higher court, Michael will soon be out of this world.

Michael Martin's impending death is not unique. Increasingly, courts are permitting people who are not terminally ill and not in a coma or persistent vegetative state (awake but unaware) to be starved to death. I recently described in these pages the case of Ronald Comeau, a disabled man whose guardian obtained a court's permission to withhold his food and fluids based on quality-of-life considerations ("The Right to Die, The Power to Kill," April 4). In Michael Martin's case, the court has justified the same decision based on testimony about statements Mr. Martin made before he was injured in an auto accident.

Former co-workers testified that he had told them, "I don't want to live as a vegetable." But he is not so living—and these colleagues also testified that his current condition is not what he meant when he made that statement.

Mary Martin has testified that her

Mr. Smith, an attorney and consumer advocate, is the author of The Doctor Book *and* The Senior Citizens' Handbook.

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husband told her he did not want to be kept alive by machines. He is *not* kept alive by machines, but the appeals court equated the use of a feeding tube and a colostomy with machine maintenance (a ruling that might be news to many cancer survivors). She also testified that Michael had expressed a desire not to be dependent on others for his food and care, a condition in which he indisputably now finds himself.

But that was then. Today, Michael Martin lives comfortably in a nursing home where he loves to listen to country-and-western music and watch television. It is certainly not the life he would have chosen for himself. But, according to two physicians who testified at the trial, it is a life he *wants to live now*. Both doctors testified that in their expert opinion, Michael knows the difference between life and death and that he has expressed a desire not to die.

But the judge, relying on contrary medical testimony about Michael's mental capacity, has ruled that he is not competent to make decisions about his own care. Further, the judge has ruled that Michael's pre-injury statements about wanting to die if he became dependent trump any present desires he may communicate to remain alive.

Slippery Slope

THIS IS an odd ruling. Michigan has a law authorizing individuals to create a legal document (designation of advocate for health care) naming a proxy who would make health-care decisions should the individual become incapacitated. The proxy can be instructed to withhold life-saving medical intervention. However, the law specifically provides that a later decision to live, even if made by a person who has become incompetent, shall supersede any earlier written expression of a desire to die. Ironically, had Michael's "I would rather die," statement been made in writing rather than in a private conversation with his wife, the court would have had to refuse Mary's request.

That the judge didn't refuse shows how far down euthanasia's slippery slope this country has already slid. Advocates for assisted suicide and euthanasia insist that such practices can be carried out under "guidelines" to protect the vulnerable. But euthanasia guidelines simply don't stick.

"It seems like a lot of money just to keep someone alive."

In 1986 and again in 1992, the American Medical Association published guidelines permitting food and fluids to be withheld if the patient is terminally ill and "death is imminent" or if a patient is "beyond doubt permanently unconscious." Michael Martin, by everyone's admission, is neither. Thus, if the AMA's guidelines were followed, Michael should be safe from the fate his wife has chosen for him.

It is fascinating and disturbing to read the record of the case and observe medical ethicists and courts jump through hoops to reach a decision permitting Mary to make Michael die. In 1991, Mary Martin requested the Butterworth Hospital of Grand Rapids, Michigan, to withhold food and fluids from Michael when he was admitted for treatment of a curable ailment. The Hospital Medical Ethics Committee met with Mary and others who knew Michael before his injury

(Continues on page 66)

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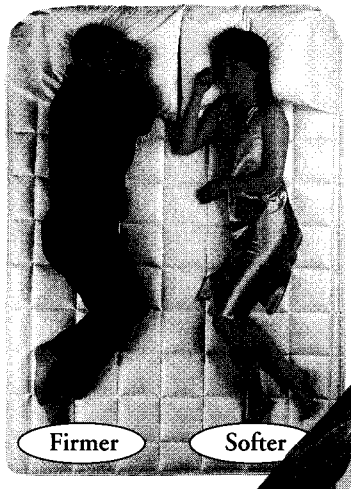

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Growthmanship, Part II

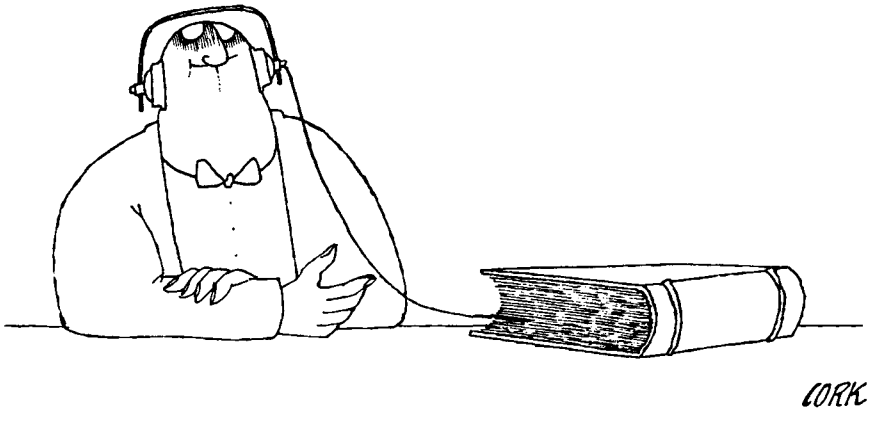
Benjamin Zycher Dissenting

It is wholly reasonable to ask whether more is better, but Fred Iklé errs in his treatise on conservatives and economic growth [March 7]. He manages to credit them with support for pollution, responsibility for expansion of government, mindless acceptance of any immigration, and promotion of rapid population growth.

None of those positions is attendant upon conservative political principles favoring economic growth. True conservatism begins with the defense of ordered liberty, with respect for individual preferences, and with a view of limited government as both the central defender of, and the greatest threat to, that liberty.

Economic growth is an increase in the aggregate value of all goods and services. It is engendered by market competition driven by individual preferences under liberty, as revealed by market prices. Thus, it is individual preferences that determine, in Iklé's terms, "where we are sailing." To equate such market creation of wealth with Mussolini-style corporatism or with the Leninist satisfaction of centrally planned production quotas is incorrect because state socialism must shunt individual preferences aside in favor of the priorities of the political leadership. If we define "economic growth" in terms of human preferences as expressed under liberty, then the conservative emphasis upon growth is wholly correct. Alternatively, we can define "economic growth" in terms of political preferences as expressed under autocracy; but that is a traditional leftist view. Iklé fails to recognize this distinction.

He then accuses conservatives of favoring almost any outcome correlated with economic growth. That also is incorrect. No real conservative would argue that any amount of pollution or congestion is worth a given increase in GDP. Instead, conservatism respects individual choices made under liberty, and conservatives thus argue for implementation of market processes revealing the underlying marginal values of environmental quality and other goods. It is the Left that attempts to impose through coercion its view that rats and roaches are worth any cost borne by others. And it is distressing that Iklé describes as only "superficially plausible" the role of economic growth in the long-run reduction of pollution, disease, and other ills. Superficially plausible? Does history offer a counter-example? Is it wrong for conservatives to favor a process—economic growth—that has uniformly yielded has more goods and reduced bads?



Well, yes, says Iklé: it is "utopianism" to believe that this process can continue without end. Oh, please. Can anyone actually believe there to be a limit on technological advance? Yes, there may be a limit to the degree to which greater wealth can make us happier. But we are not there yet, and you can't see it from here.

Iklé then complains that economic growth has yielded bigger government, an observation that is plausible but hardly obvious; after all, Stalin presided over an economy that was far smaller than ours. The reality is that economic analysis has failed to explain why government has grown; but we certainly do know that the expansion of Leviathan is a negative-sum game, and so is inconsistent with economic growth. Thus do real conservatives favor economic and oppose governmental growth, notwithstanding Iklé's curious claim that conservatives equate pork-barrel spending and "growth." And does Iklé really believe that most voters view government as the source of "gratification"? Were that true, tax increases would be the pillar of all political platforms, and HillaryCare already would have sailed through Congress. The conservative position is that we can have more growth or more government, but not both, and that it is the former that is consistent with liberty.

I do not believe Iklé to be correct in his assumption that the mainstream environmental lobby truly has as its central goal the conservation of "forests, seashores, or wildlife." I can think of few, if any, of their policy positions that fail to harm the environment. But those policy positions without exception attack capitalism and thus enhance the environmentalists' own political power. Why should real conservatives not criticize such groups? And it is free-market environmentalists, conservatives, who have developed the "new ideas for market-based approaches to conservation" that Iklé endorses.

Moreover, because "the worldwide environmental movement" represents an attack on capitalism and liberty, Iklé is wrong that it is "the skill of the Left" that has united it with environmentalism. On the contrary, that alliance is as natural as lox and bagels. And if, as Iklé claims, conservative criticism of environmentalism has driven away political support, why is it that, with few exceptions, the many recent environmental initiatives on various state ballots have been trounced? Why does the environmental lobby prefer to do its dirty work through judges and bureaucrats, unelected and unaccountable?

Real conservatives favor "free immigration" only under a policy regime in which productive, hard-working, law-abiding people come to America in a self-selection process. That is the policy consistent with the freedom of contract and the defense of liberty; and that has been the traditional mode of immigration to America, a pattern now perverted by income-transfer policies that attract the unproductive and by a mindless drug crusade that attracts criminals. It is in

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substantial part the Left that favors the current situation, as it expands the demand for government. What political groups, after all, passed the Motor Voter bill, in part an effort to give illegal aliens the vote?

And precisely what does Iklé mean by protection of the "social fabric and political culture"? Those phrases can be defined operationally only by the government that Iklé claims to oppose. He and I may dislike each other's tastes in food, music, and literature; but the ensuing effects upon the "social fabric and political culture" remain entirely obscure. What people actually worry about, quite properly, is the ability of immigrants to take more than they produce; the policies yielding that outcome are not consistent with conservative principles.

Iklé ends his essay claiming that population growth, if rapid, is "anti-conservative" in that it engenders big government. He favors a stable population size, although it is not quite clear how he would achieve that goal without Big Brother promoting population control. In any event, the principled conservative position is that childbearing is a fundamental component of human liberty, and that the real problem is a set of policies encouraging out-of-wedlock births, family breakup, and the like. Moreover, in a regime of individual liberty, neither high nor low population growth *per se* is "good" or "bad"; the fertility rate is an outcome yielded by many individual choices, and Iklé is incorrect in his assertion that high population growth is "bad," and that conservatives favor it. Conservatives favor policies permitting unbiased outcomes yielded by individual decisions. Iklé again raises the specter of eroded cultural values as an effect of rapid population growth, and again fails either to define that erosion or to specify very clearly the link between the two.

Iklé is correct in that many individuals who classify themselves as "conservatives" promote weak arguments about economic growth. That does not mean that those arguments are "conservative." Conservatives, as others, certainly may question the wisdom of others' tastes and choices; but it is not the job or the right of true conservatives to impose our will. It is our burden instead to defend the Pursuit of Happiness by individuals, and to protect the ensuing economic growth from the coercive and confiscatory power of the state. □

Jude Wanniski Concurring

Fred Iklé's essay decrying the Utopia of Perpetual Growth is absolutely on target. To judge by the statistics of our professional economists, Americans must be better off today than they were thirty or forty years ago because GNP and per-capita income are so much higher. Our computers compute faster, our automobiles and airplanes travel faster, our television sets are bigger and have better definition. Yes, we have social ills that have gotten worse during these years of expansion, but if only we grew faster, liberals and conservatives seem to agree, we could solve them one way or another. Or could we?

Even Mr. Iklé seems to agree, though, that there is a dilemma in that the absence of economic growth has its own perils. The state always grows fastest in times of economic stagnation. What's the answer to the dilemma?

The fact is, there is growth and there is growth. More than a century ago, Karl Marx understood that capitalism was a marvelous engine of economic growth, but that an internal flaw would be its undoing. The bourgeoisie was a positive force, but only up to a point, he argued. When it amassed wealth, it would use it to control the political process, to protect its privileged position. At the time he wrote the *Communist Manifesto*, the

Mr. Wanniski is president of Polyconomics, Inc.

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only country he admired on this account was the United States, which still seemed to have a fluid society in which individuals of talent and energy could rise from bottom to top, with no government impediments to protect those at the top from competition from below.

This is no longer true; the corporate oligarchy of our country has rigged the system as Marx feared it would. Its objective is growth at all costs, to keep profits climbing at the level of the Fortune 500, no matter how difficult life becomes for ordinary Americans, especially for small entrepreneurs burdened by taxes, regulations, and government mandates. At the top of the social pyramid, the captains of industry are remote from the problems of the people at the bottom—the crime, the cultural clashes, the despoliation of the environment.

The answer is to shift gears as a nation, making our primary objective the restoration of a fluid society, not economic growth. By changing the framework of society from a material to a spiritual setting, we will ensure that the economic growth that occurs will be the natural reflection of a free people realizing their God-given talents.

The Republican Party has been a great part of the problem, identifying its interests all too often with those of the corporate elite. Ronald Reagan at least identified with small-town America and entrepreneurial capitalism. But his Administration could never shake the influence of the ruling elite that seeks to perpetuate itself in the manner of European royalty.

If the GOP can break loose from the Southern Strategy that thirty years ago conceded the votes of African-Americans to the Democrats, we will have the first sign that it has also broken loose from the country-club oligarchs who believe that economic growth is the result of inheritance. There is growth and there is growth. □

Fred Iklé Affirming

Benjamin Zycher has launched a good debate, challenging nearly every point I made. But his answers all dwell in an abstract world that is totally divorced from real politics. Zycher's philosophy combines an idealized concept of The Market with a strong form of solipsism (the theory that nothing matters but the individual).

I agree, of course, with Zycher's point that conservatism sees government "as both the central defender of and the greatest threat to" individual liberty. And he would also agree with me, I am sure, that this central-defender role must include keeping the order that allows free markets to function. The market is not something fixed by nature, like gravity; it is sustained—or destroyed—by politics. And politics is that messy thing shaped by habits and judgments of voters, legislators, and officials, who in turn are influenced by education, religion, the media, and so forth.

By contrast, in Zycher's idealized world, people behave nicely to let The Market do its good work. "Most voters," he argues, do not "view government as the source of gratification" because they don't like higher taxes. Alas, more often than not a majority of voters do seek to extract gratifications from government for which they do not expect to pay. Hence, they vote against those who threaten to cut their "free" entitlements. Most Republican candidates, knowing this, shy away from middle-class entitlement cuts.

Zycher chides me repeatedly for not serving up definitions. Nay, he even wants to exclude such things as "social fabric and political culture" because in his solipsistic world only the (bad) government could "define" them. This point seems to reflect a sadly eviscerated political philosophy, postulating that individuals have only two ways to express and promote their preferences: through their government or through The Market. They cannot (or should not) exert themselves together in behalf of such a thing as "culture" that the pure market philosophy has never dreamt of.

Definitions can be misused to shelter our thinking from the real world. In my criticism of those conservatives who think rapid population growth is a good thing, I pointed out that increases in population density usually lead to more government regulation. In an erector-set world assembled from nothing but abstract definitions this need not be so. There, it can be postulated that The Market lets all the "individuals" choose how to buy or sell the benefits and costs that result from crowding what the economists call "externalities" are all neatly tucked away through market transactions.

The market process is truly a great thing. But to achieve and maintain a market that can properly function requires more than the reiteration of some tautological construct whereby people prefer their preferences. It requires a great deal of care and attention to such factors as political traditions, sentimental values, and—*pace* Mr. Zycher—political culture.

Hence, we conservatives who favor sound free-market policies need to recruit and organize majorities in order to prevail with our fine ideas. To this end we need to be mindful of people's sentimental values (not just their economic preferences). My point about the environmental movement was not, as Zycher implies, that we should co-opt the "environmental lobby," but that we should recruit those individuals who are of a conservationist persuasion; because, as William Buckley has put it, "it is essentially conservative to conserve."

It has been said that the American conservative movement has a traditionalist and libertarian wing. I don't think I would do injustice to Zycher's views if I situated them far over on the libertarian side. Let us continue the dialogue between our different schools of thought. For my part, I am prepared to adduce further reasons why faith in perpetual growth is utopian and why it would be self-destructive for the conservative movement to promote this utopia.

Jude Wanniski presents a daring hypothesis about some of the workings of the Utopia of Perpetual Growth. The "captains of industry" tend to focus on a narrow concept of progress (usually, quarterly increases in after-tax earnings), heedless of correlated developments that affect the integrity of the economy as a whole. To be sure, the first duty of corporate managers is to maximize shareholders' profits. But Wanniski has a point: shareholders are also citizens who pay taxes (in part perhaps to provide rich entitlements to corporations in which they own shares) and who live in communities that may be retrogressing, regardless of the progress in quarterly "growth."

Wanninski reminds us of one of Karl Marx's theses: that those who have amassed wealth in the free market will use their economic power to control the political process so as to distort the market in their favor. To counter this tendency, Wanniski wants conservatives to promote a more "fluid" society. As I understand this point, he has in mind more than correcting the distortions of the market economy (something that libertarian textbooks also support). He seems to argue (here I may read too much agreement in what he wrote) that the pursuit of progress and liberty is not a solipsistic endeavor, but has to be concerned with the "spiritual setting"; which I would define as the "political culture"—which I would further define if *NR*'s editors only let me. □

Mr. Iklé is a Distinguished Scholar at the Center for Strategic and International Studies.

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

June 6, 1994

Dear Rusty,

First of all, let me apologize for Tipper. You have to know, Rusty, that I would never order reprints of People magazine's "50 Most Beautiful People" article, much less on super-gloss paper, and send a copy to everyone in my address book. In the first place, super-gloss paper, while certainly flattering—especially to my hair—takes approximately 233,789 years to decompose. And in the second place, Tipper mailed them from my office, and sent the bill to David Wilhelm at the Democratic National Committee, so that's a whole "megillah," as Bob Reich would say, that I don't want to get into.

Actually, the whole thing has been a bother. While the picture is, all modesty aside, pretty good—especially of my hair—it has strained my best-friendship with Bill. At a meeting last week, he just wouldn't get off the topic.

We were all gathered in the Oval Office to discuss MFN for China. All the bigwigs were there: Bill; me; Uncle Lloyd (Cutler, not Bentsen), the President's Counsel; David Kendall, the President's private counsel; and Bob Bennett, the President's other private counsel (or, as Tipper puts it, unkindly, the President's privates' counsel).

"It seems to me," began Uncle Lloyd, "that MFN for China is a given. I don't see how we can revoke it at the present time."

Bill nodded, but his eyes were locked on something on his desk.

"And it's not just me," continued Uncle Lloyd. "A lot of my former clients at Wilmer Cutler, & Pickering feel the same way."

I raised my hand.

"You want to say something, loverboy?" Bill asked.

I ignored this. "Shouldn't Chris Christopher and Ron Brown be here? I mean, we're talking about trade and foreign policy, after all."

"I think, Mr. President," Uncle Lloyd chimed in, "that Secretary Brown is at a fundraising 'tea' over at the Chinese Embassy. You know, tea, dim sum, that kind of thing."

"What about Chris Christopher?" I pressed.

"I'm not sure where he is," Bill said.

"Me neither," Uncle Lloyd said.

"I'm over here," said a voice.

We all turned. Chris was sitting on the sofa.

"And as far as MFN for China goes," Chris went on, "I don't see how we can revoke it now."

Bill looked thoughtful.

"A lot of my former clients at O'Melveny & Myers," Chris went on, "feel the same way."

I raised my hand again.

"Yes, babehound?"

"Well . . ." I began.

"What, Mr. One-of-the-fifty-most-beautiful-people-in-the-world? What is it? Do you have something to add, Mr. Has-to-beat-'em-off-with-a-stick?"

"You're upset about the People article, aren't you?" I asked.

"No I'm not upset!" shouted Bill. "Just because you get to be one of the fifty most beautiful people and I get to be named in a lawsuit? Upset? No way! Just because something like being in that article is money in the bank! An absolute sure thing! No have-the-trooper-offer-a-twenty, tell-the-girl-your-wife-doesn't-understand-you! Nope. Just a quick didya-see-People-magazine and it's sugar city all day long!"

I was about to answer when Ron Brown dashed into the room.

"Hey, guys," he said. "You should have been over at the embassy! We got these jade chopstick holders and a bunch of silk handkerchiefs and really great dumplings!"

"We were just talking about MFN for China, Ron," Uncle Lloyd said.

"Well, Mr. President," he said. "I don't see how we can revoke MFN right at this time."

Bill looked thoughtful.

"And it's not just me," Ron went on. "A lot of my former clients at Patton, Boggs & Blow feel the same way."

"But doesn't it send the wrong message," I said, "to be always threatening something and never doing it? I'm for MFN for China too, but if we keep making threats that we never mean, doesn't that hurt us in the long run, and not just with China, but all of Asia?"

Bill turned to Mr. Bennett.

"You want my opinion?" Mr. Bennett asked.

"Yes, I'd like to hear it," Bill said.

Mr. Bennett cleared his throat. "Well," he began, "my opinion costs $4,500 for the first minute, $2,100 for each additional minute, plus expenses. So how much do you want?"

"You know what?" Bill said. "I'll pass."

And with that, he adjourned the meeting. But not without shooting me a dirty look.

Your pal, Al

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The Soul of the Matter

HOWARD J. VAN TILL

AT LEAST one of these distinguished scientists is profoundly wrong. But which one?

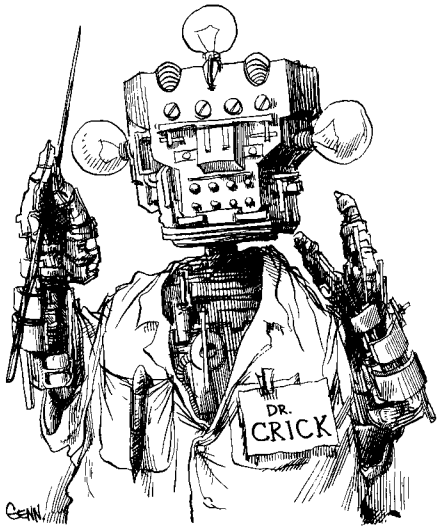
Francis Crick, a physicist and biochemist, a Nobel Laureate known for his work on the structure of DNA, says that science is at the doorstep of comprehending the human soul, thereby making traditional religious accounts of human experience obsolete. John Polkinghorne, a physicist and Anglican priest, now president of Queens' College, Cambridge, says that in order to comprehend the whole of human experience one's vision must penetrate well beyond the bounds of the scientific—and into the realm of the spiritual.

Consider first the naturalistic world view of Francis Crick. *The Astonishing Hypothesis*, he says, "is about the mystery of consciousness—how to explain it in scientific terms": "The message of the book is that now is the time to think scientifically about consciousness (and its relationship, if any, to the hypothetical soul) and, most important of all, the time to start the *experimental* study of consciousness in a serious and deliberate way." As here suggested, Crick does not find the concept of an immortal human soul credible. Thus the book's subtitle is quite misleading. The word "soul" there has the very restricted meaning of human *consciousness*; and consciousness is further restricted to *visual* consciousness. "What I want to know," says Crick, "is exactly what is going on in my brain when I see something."

The Astonishing Hypothesis: The Scientific Search for the Soul, by Francis Crick (Scribner's, 268 pp., $25)

The Faith of a Physicist: Reflections of a Bottom-Up Thinker, by John Polkinghorne (Princeton, 194 pp., $24.95)

And just what is "The Astonishing Hypothesis" to which the title refers? "The Astonishing Hypothesis is that 'You,' your joys and your sorrows, your memories and your ambitions, your sense of personal identity and free will, are in fact no more than the behavior of a vast assembly of nerve cells and their associated molecules."



Astonishing, indeed. Some of us might even greet this assertion as an "Exceedingly Demeaning Hypothesis." Are we humans really nothing more than marvelous molecular machines? Have the great intellectuals of history been utterly deluded in thinking that they could actually think? Is it the case that what we have traditionally called conscious thought is really nothing more than an amusing epiphenomenon of electrochemical activity that flutters about in the meaty computer portions of bipeds, whose only functional "value" is numerical survival?

Did Crick really intend to advance so rash a proposal? Evidently so. After noting the general agreement among the world's religions that "people have souls, in the literal and not merely the metaphorical sense," Crick soon advances the assertion that "our minds—the behavior of our brains—can be explained by the interactions of nerve cells (and other cells) and the molecules associated with them."

Suppose, then, that one were to grant that all of what we customarily call "personal behavior" or "mental activity" or "thinking" is in fact reducible to peculiar patterns of electrochemical impulses in the brain and other portions of the neuronal system. How did we come to be so marvelously equipped? If one takes Crick's approach, then not only must our evolutionary history account for the fact that there are genealogical pathways that connect the human species to earlier life-forms, but it must also account for the particular set of mental capacities that we humans possess. There is, according to such a reductionist perspective, no other source from which these capacities might derive.

Furthermore, if one denies that the formative history of the universe is indicative of the intentions of a transcendent Mind, then the only dynamic value available to drive life-forms along the pathway from watery protozoan to Nobel Laureate is the value of reproductive fecundity. But there is, I think (that is, I experience neuronal activity that leads me to say that there is), more to the story. Our brains do far more than merely promote reproductive success. Even Crick has no choice but to grant this: "Nevertheless, well-trained brains can grasp ideas about phenomena that are not part of our normal experience, such as those of relativity and quantum mechanics."

But why should this be so? If, as The Astonishing Hypothesis holds, conscious human thought is no more than a set of electrochemical impulses in the brain, and if the brain is no more than the meaty computational machine that has evolved to ensure that these impulses promote reproductive superiority for the species, then why is that brain both able and eager to engage in so many other remarka-

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bly thoughtful activities? Writes Mr. Crick: "Our highly developed brains, after all, were not evolved under the pressure of discovering scientific truths but only to enable us to be clever enough to survive and leave descendants." What (or Who) is the ultimate source of "the astonishing potentialities" that are achievable by the employment of the capacities exhibited by matter and material systems? Why should such capacities and potentialities even exist? Indeed, why should the universe not only exist but also be so rich with capacities and potentialities that are at once astonishing and entirely unnecessary?

Here is where the uncompromising reductionism of Francis Crick, like that of Richard Dawkins, runs into a brick wall, without the protection of an airbag for either driver or passenger. Crick is entirely right to call our attention to the remarkable array of neuronal mechanisms that facilitate our conscious experiences. But to move from the recognition and description of these mechanisms to the bold assertion that conscious human experience is *nothing more* than the functioning of these mechanisms strikes me as *nothing more* than an astonishing non-sequitur. Can we really believe that mind found a way to derive itself from non-mind, following only unthought pathways?

In spite of my strong objections to its thesis, I did find this book to be well worth the read. It deals with remarkably interesting questions and often reads like a tightly structured mystery novel. In all fairness, however, only those readers with the stamina to stay with the mystery as it leads through the labyrinth of technical clues and tentative theories should be permitted the "reward" of reading the last chapter, "Dr. Crick's Sunday Morning Service."

Listen to samples from just one page of this polemical exhortation: "The record of religious beliefs in explaining scientific phenomena has been so poor in the past that there is little reason to believe that the conventional religions will do much better in the future. . . . Not only do the beliefs of most popular religions contradict each other, but, by scientific standards, they are based on evidence so flimsy that only an act of blind faith can make them acceptable." And, lest we miss the point: "If revealed religions

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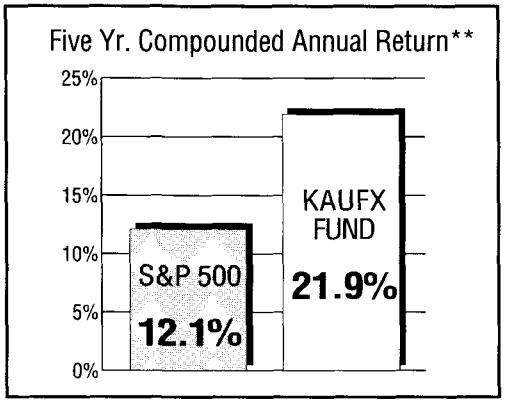

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have revealed anything it is that they are usually wrong."

Crick's rhetoric is colorful, but are these cannonades even close to credible? For instance, would it in fact be requisite for a highly educated member of modern Western culture first to commit intellectual suicide before accepting the "strange and exciting claims of orthodox Christianity"? Or is it inevitable that an intelligent Christian, after being educated in one of the sciences, would feel compelled to abandon that religious heritage? Contrary to the opinion expressed by Crick and some other vocal members of the modern academy, the Rev. John Polkinghorne gives a negative answer to both of these questions. "Christians do not have to close their minds, nor are they faced with the dilemma of having to choose between ancient faith and modern knowledge."

John Polkinghorne comes to these questions with exceptional credentials. After an active career in elementary-particle physics, he chose, at age fifty, to train for the Anglican priesthood. Since that time he has become widely known for his pellucid writing and speaking on the manner in which contemporary science and theological inquiry might each be constructively informed by the other. Hence the invitation to deliver the prestigious Gifford Lectures for 1993–94 at the University of Edinburgh. *The Faith of a Physicist* is the written version of those lectures.

If you are looking for easy and pat answers to difficult questions, you had better look elsewhere. John Polkinghorne's "bottom-up" approach is entirely different from the caricatures of religious thought offered by Francis Crick. Constructing a theistic world view from the bottom up requires, according to Polkinghorne, that one attempt to provide a systematic account of the full range of human experience. That experience is not only of material systems—elementary particles, atoms, stars, planets, molecular colonies, nerve cells, complex life forms competing for numerical advantage, and the like. No, human experience extends far beyond the realm of those things that can be caught in the net of the natural sciences. Especially relevant to the issue at hand is our experience of self-consciousness, and of contemplative thought regarding the purpose and source of our existence, and of moral awareness that some choices for action are right while others are wrong. In other words, the world view of a realistic bottom-up thinker must include a substantive account of the *spiritual* dimension of human experience.

But where does one find valid data regarding that spiritual experience? That's a question Polkinghorne returns to frequently and with candor. We are all too aware of those persons who beat us over the head with bold claims for knowledge of unassailable spiritual truth read from a canon written by God in a manner as unambiguous as any science textbook. Polkinghorne holds the Biblical text in high regard, but he steadfastly avoids the literalism rampant in North America. "For me," he says, "the Bible is neither an inert account of propositional truth nor a compendium of timeless symbols, but a historically conditioned account of certain significant encounters and experiences."

Polkinghorne argues in favor of a revival of "natural theology" stemming "from the recognition that the physical universe is not satisfactorily self-explanatory, that science by itself will not quench our intellectual thirst for understanding." According to Polkinghorne, the satisfaction of this thirst requires that we consider the possibility that the basis for any ultimate understanding of the universe transcends the limits of the universe's own reality.

"The modern revival of natural theology does not look to occurrences within the process of the world (it does not assert that only God's direct action could cause life to arise from inanimate materials), but it looks to the basic laws which are the ground of that process." Sympathetically informed by his experience as a working scientist, Polkinghorne's approach exposes Crick's caricature of the theistic perspective as being little more than triumphalist bluster. For Polkinghorne, theism is not a retreat from reality into some make-believe world; rather, it is an approach to reality built on the motto, "The way things are is the only reliable basis for the way we should respond to them."

For Polkinghorne, the human experience of "the way things are" points to One Who transcends the material world. Although philosophically it might be more economical to exclude the idea of a Creator, as Crick does, and to take the unexplained existence of the universe as one's starting point, Polkinghorne counts this as a failure to deal realistically with important data. "In fact, the physical universe, by its very rational order and fruitfulness, seems to many to point beyond itself, so that there is more intellectual satisfaction in attributing its existence to the will of a self-existent agent than in treating it as a fundamental brute fact. . . . The strategy of materialistic atheists is usually to claim that science is all, and that beauty and the rest are merely human constructs arising from the hard wiring of our brains. I cannot accept so grotesquely impoverished a view of reality."

The bulk of Polkinghorne's effort in his chapter on creation is spent on the difficult but crucial questions regarding how a contemporary, scientifically informed Christian theist might speak realistically about the character of divine action in the physical world as we know it. Colorfully articulated, the principal dilemma in this endeavor is that, "One is trying to steer a path between the unrelaxing grip of a Cosmic Tyrant and the impotence or indifference of a Deistic Spectator."

We are well aware that contemporary natural science is developing a fascinating story of the formative history of the universe. New popularizations of scientific cosmology, such as Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time*, appear in bookstores at an accelerating pace. As Polkinghorne says, "there seems to me to be every reason to take seriously the broad sweep of what we are told. Theological discourse on the doctrine of creation must be consonant with that account."

But how is that to be done? By contriving a Biblical or theological strategy by which one could generate a chronicle of Creation's formative history that is in agreement with the particulars of the scientific story? I believe that Polkinghorne is right on

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target when he rejects such a concordist approach, in favor of recognizing that the *theological* doctrine of creation is not at all concerned with the particulars of precisely what happened at what time: "Theology is concerned with ontological origin and not with temporal beginning."

Hawking, in his remarkably popular book, seemed uneasy about that infinitesimally brief period of time after the beginning that appears to be beyond the reach of present scientific theorizing. With a burst of speculative vigor, which included an appeal to the concept of "imaginary time," he attempted to fill that gap, a gap of the sort often filled by appeal to special acts of divine creation, so that there appeared to be an occasion to ask, "What place, then, for a creator?"

Polkinghorne's response is, I believe, one which draws effectively on the strength of the Judaeo-Christian theological heritage: What place? "Every place. . . . God is not a God of the edges, with a vested interest in boundaries. Creation is not something he did 15 billion years ago, but it is something that he is doing now." Hawking's effort, he says, "is scientifically very interesting, but theologically insignificant."

The second half of the book constitutes Polkinghorne's acceptance of the challenge to articulate his faith, not only as a theist, but as a *Christian* theist. "A Gifford Lecturer must be a bottom-up thinker. He must start with the phenomena, and the foundational phenomena of Christianity are set out in the New Testament." There is no attempt on Polkinghorne's part to defend the authoritarian Biblicism that characterizes much Christian writing, nor is there any attempt to cover up the fact that there exists a considerable diversity of thought on the issues discussed.

A bottom-up thinker must deal with things as they are, and Polkinghorne proceeds with laudable candor and intellectual integrity as he examines the credibility of major tenets of the Christian faith in the context of a contemporary, scientifically informed world picture. He is engaged in what I consider to be the primary task of theology today—to provide a framework of thought that assists us in making sense of the full range of human experience, and not merely to systematize one's gleanings from a canon written in a culturally and historically distant world.

John Polkinghorne's theism or Francis Crick's naturalism? Can a choice be reasonably made? I believe so. One of them invites us to illuminate our search for meaning with light from the entire spectrum of human experience. The other dismisses our most cherished experiences and insights as nothing more than neural noise. God, what a choice! □

Scenes from a Life

JAMES NUECHTERLEIN

IT IS difficult to know what to make of this book, starting with figuring out whether in fact it *is* a book. Peggy Noonan offers us here not a sustained argument, but an uncertain mix of observations and anecdotes concerning her life since 1989. The result is not entirely random—the subsections indicated by the title focus, respectively, on life and career (mainly in New York City), politics (mainly inside the Beltway), and religion (mainly the restoration of the author's Catholic faith)—but Miss Noonan feels free at any time to wander where her mood takes her. What we have in the end is a series of journal entries.

Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, by Peggy Noonan (Random House, 226 pp., $23)

Personal journals are of interest primarily to their authors, and only celebrity authors are likely to induce publishers to set theirs in print. Peggy Noonan is a genuine if minor celebrity: she earned her fame as the most acclaimed presidential speechwriter since Theodore Sorensen, and then secured it with her shrewd and personable best-seller on the Reagan years, *What I Saw at the Revolution*.

Given the author's background, it is not surprising that the most arresting sections of the volume concern politics. Miss Noonan left Washington for New York in 1989 to establish herself—a single mother with a young son—as a writer. Washington politics was no longer her business, but she could not avoid observing with mounting dismay the Bush Administration's path toward self-destruction following the Gulf War. In September 1991, when almost everyone in and out of the White House simply assumed the President's re-election in 1992, she wrote a memo to presidential pollster Bob Teeter predicting, with uncanny prescience, Mr. Bush's defeat. It is a brilliant political document, one whose precision and insight would be admirable in a post-mortem but whose existence 14 months before the fact is nothing short of astonishing.

One pays special attention, therefore, to Miss Noonan's observations on Bill Clinton and her early handicapping of the 1996 race. On Mr. Clinton she seems dead on: fully aware of his political attractions and abilities, she also senses a weakness at the core, writing of "a lack of internal grace, a lack of inner elegance." But the Republicans have no guarantee that Mr. Clinton will be, as Miss Noonan thinks he should be, a one-term President. The GOP could lose in 1996 if it nominates an "Old" rather than a "Young" Republican. The distinction has less to do with age than with point of view. In terms of policy, Old Republicans aim less to win than to limit loss; Young Republicans, inspired by Ronald Reagan, have "never felt defeated, never thought limiting loss was their job."

For all Miss Noonan's affection for George Bush, she saw clearly that he was in essence an Old Republican, and after some fits and starts, she finally decided not to accept the offer of a major role in his re-election campaign. He obviously could have used her.

Unfortunately, Miss Noonan isn't as good on everything as she is on politics. Her ruminations on life and work in New York show flashes of originality, but they are generally as unexceptional as they are unexceptionable. One nods in agreement, but also with no sense of surprise, at her views on the decline in civility and safety in New York City and on the dilemmas of mating, parenting, and maintaining a

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career here. She likes living in New York, which is refreshing, but what she has to say about it mostly is not. And she occasionally makes a descent into silliness, as when, following some admirably toughminded comments on race and crime, she suddenly announces that "young black men will save our country." She doesn't explain how this will happen—indeed, she confesses that she's not even sure what she means by the claim.

The final section of the book, concerning Miss Noonan's spiritual quest (perhaps, in her case, "reappropriation" would be the better term), is at once engaging and evasive. One is touched and heartened to read of her reconnection with the faith of the Catholic Church but also left quite in the dark as to what occasioned it. Here, as elsewhere in the book, she drops hints and leaves elliptical clues as to her personal searchings and situation, but she always stops well short of frank revelation. There is much discussion, for example, of life with her son, but no elaboration on how she came to be a single parent. Similarly, she muses frequently on the complexities of male–female relations without telling us anything about her own relationships—except for one fleeting reference to an ex-husband and another (quite out of the blue) to "someone who was giving me such a hard time, who was being so bad, that I actually had moments when I thought: I wish he would die." Miss Noonan has a perfect right to her privacy, of course, but she can't have things both ways. It's a kind of literary tease: she lifts the curtain on her private life just enough to tantalize the reader—the whole form and substance of the book, after all, is a personal memoir—and then abruptly drops it. The reader is left both baffled and frustrated.

But it would be unfair to conclude there. For all the book's evasions—and occasional longueurs—its author leaves a final impression of intelligence, decency, and charm. She comes across as a thoroughly likable person, even if one occasionally wishes she were not quite so eager to be liked. And at least as regards politics, she's as smart as they come. Miss Noonan is a decided but thoughtful conservative, which is to say that while deeply concerned with our state of advanced cultural decay she has more to offer than the standard tory harumph. She knows that the social engineers have everything wrong, but she also recognizes that our little platoons need to be collectively mobilized in the cause of moral revival. Peggy Noonan describes herself, at the end, as a short-term pessimist and long-term optimist. That's probably the right analysis, and it's precisely what a Christian conservative ought to be. □

Up a River with a Mudpuddle

JEFFREY HART

THIS book is much more than literary criticism, though it comments brilliantly on five major American novels and one important novella. It is a cultural moment. Mr. Shaw is like Conrad's Marlow journeying up the Congo River to Mr. Kurtz at the Inner Station. Here, the Inner Station is our current academic culture, and its Professor Kurtz is indeed a "remarkable man," or, more frequently, a remarkable woman. As Irving Kristol has written of this book, "Even those who try to keep up with what is happening in American literary studies will be enlightened and appalled by Peter Shaw's superb analysis."

Recovering American Literature, by Peter Shaw (Ivan R. Dee, 203 pp., $22)

Yes, appalled. Literature is in the foreground for Mr. Shaw, but behind that discussion is the general state of academic culture, and, beyond that, the way academic culture affects people who could not name a single literary critic or tell you about the plot of *The Bostonians*. Or even *Huckleberry Finn*.

Mr. Shaw's argument goes as follows. After the 1960s, the serious discussion of literature in the universities was interrupted, and has not been resumed. A straitjacket has been imposed. Subtle discussion of the moral balances in, say, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* has given way to what can be called bumper-sticker Marxism. Hawthorne, according to this philosophy, "failed" because he did not present Hester Prynne as an outright feminist heroine. Thus Hawthorne was a fink. Mr. Shaw has read widely in contemporary academic literary criticism, and he has not come back from Hell empty-handed. Just imagine Professor Susie Mudpuddle (let's call her) "flunking" Nathaniel Hawthorne because he falls short of feminist orthodoxy.

The literary fact—and is there anyone in the house who cares about literature?—is that Hawthorne wrote a nuanced and ambivalent fable about the claims of the self and the claims of the law. These never are easily adjudicated. Hester Prynne belongs with Antigone, Dido, and Juliet.

Likewise, Melville's famous novella *Billy Budd* becomes in the hands of the Professor Mudpuddles a mere tract about injured innocence and the evils of "the system." The whaling ship *Pequod* in *Moby Dick* is thought by the bumper-sticker thinkers to represent the American ship of state and, beyond that, Western civilization. When the *Pequod* sinks, good riddance to it. (Admittedly the homophile critics find some things in Melville's novel that please them, obscure and marginal though they may be.)

The major American authors under discussion—Hawthorne, Melville, Mark Twain, Henry James—all flunk the ideological tests. They do not hammer away at the new academic themes of race, class, and gender. Sometimes the critics try to let the poor saps off the hook—they *were* radicals, after all.

Only, after all, they weren't. Within *Moby Dick*, it is evident that Captain Ahab is not a "capitalist," never mind what the "critics" say. He is not in it for the cash. Ahab is an epic tragic hero and could have slept in the tents of Agamemnon's army in front of Troy.

Mr. Hart, an NR *senior editor, is the author of* Acts of Recovery.

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He could have fought Grendel in *Beowulf*. Melville makes it unmistakably clear that he is writing, consciously so, in this epic tradition. So he flunks. Perhaps he should have written a tract about Chase Manhattan and the CIA.

Mark Twain flunks, too, according to the principles of bumper-sticker academic criticism. Just listen to this: Jim, the escaped slave, talks, of all things, like an escaped slave. Not like Samuel Johnson. This "demeans" Jim, and Twain himself is thus complicit in slavery. In literary fact, the powerful core of *Huckleberry Finn* is the trip down the Mississippi on the raft, fed by Twain's own memories as a riverboat pilot. The novel brings Jim's humanity powerfully forward.

What bumper-sticker criticism does with Henry James's great novel *The Bostonians* is absolutely breathtaking. The true heroine of the novel turns out to be Olive, a lesbian. Only poor James did not write the book right. Olive and her lesbianism should properly have been front-and-center. Henry James flunks.

But wait. The "critic" Jonathan Arac is close at hand with a "theoretical" life-preserver. His position goes this way. An idiot like Nathaniel Hawthorne certainly flunked with Hester Prynne, and these other authors also flunked. Nevertheless, a novel can be read in terms of its "ideological possibilities."

What does that mean? It means that although poor old bedraggled Hawthorne flunked with Hester Prynne, failed to "actualize" her, the reader, standing in for Hawthorne, can "actualize" her. Yes, we can "actualize" Hester, even though she is one of the most vivid figures in the history of the novel.

Peter Shaw's journey up this Congo River of the mind accumulates excitement and intensity. These academic critics at the University of This-and-That view American history through the lenses of Oliver Stone. For them, the history of this republic is a movie consisting of outrages and slaughters.

What these bumper-sticker critics do is comb the American classics for an indictment of America. Sure, all the great writers had a quarrel with social actuality, but it was a complicated quarrel, not a bumper-sticker quarrel. When the bumper-sticker critics do not locate a simple indictment, Mr. Arac and company come to the rescue. They can "actualize" one.

In a mordant observation, Peter Shaw points out that these writers have devoted their professional lives to a literature they essentially hate. But there is no need for despair. Those books are stronger than the bumper stickers. The students are usually more intelligent than their professors and professorettes.

The first team here consists of Hawthorne, Twain, Melville, and James. We can feel confident betting on that squad. □

FILM

A Dharma Bummer

JOHN SIMON

BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI has always struck me as the perfect filmmaker for middlebrow pseudo-intellectuals, but with ***Little Buddha*** he has finally made a pure abomination that is also something he hitherto managed to avoid: a crashing bore. This is the rare film that has almost nothing going for it: lousy story, dreadful dialogue, absolutely no suspense, pedestrian direction, and performances that are mostly bland or subliminal. It has a script by Rudy Wurlitzer, an American screenwriter and novelist of some repute, as rewritten by the Englishman Mark Peploe, who used to be one of Michelangelo Antonioni's scenarists while his sister was the director's girlfriend. (Now she is married to Mr. Bertolucci.) The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, one of the masters of the camera, and much of the film was made on location in Katmandu and Bhutan. All wasted; the sequences shot in Seattle actually look more exotic.

The film begins with the close-up of a miniature showing a Hindu priest

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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about to sacrifice a goat, as the narrator tells how that goat—first by laughing, then by weeping, and finally by telling its own lives as a cautionary tale—converted the priest to never taking another creature's life. Clearly, that goat was as good a Buddhist as anyone, and indeed, the rest of the film is a two-hour anticlimax. Dorje, an important lama (of the two-footed kind) has died, and the members of his lamasery are desperately on the lookout for his reincarnation in a child born at the moment of his death. The chief contender seems to be Jesse Conrad, a blond, bright-eyed nine-year-old in Seattle, where his dad is an architect, his mom a schoolteacher. (Chris Isaak and Bridget Fonda play them as the most unlikely movie couple in recent memory.) Lama Norbu (played by the fine Chinese actor, politician, and speaker of English, Ying Ruocheng) sets out with a lesser but more garrulous lama for Seattle, where they are soon soliciting Dean and Lisa Conrad to lend them Jesse for a few weeks' sojourn at the lamasery. Incredibly, they agree; Dean, who has lately been sleepless in Seattle, will accompany his eager son.

It turns out that two other kids, the jolly urchin Raju of Katmandu, and the snooty little Gita of India, can also lay claim to Dorje's metempsychosis. As we travel to pick them up, the film manages to be as much about migration as about transmigration. All three end up duly at the lamasery, where Norbu and his fellow monks, in an act of unequaled egalitarianism, conclude that Dorje's soul is in all three children. Call it transmigration by triangulation.

As if this weren't enough, Norbu gives Jesse a book about the youth of Prince Siddhartha, who renounced all worldly power, sat under the bodhi tree, and meditated his way into becoming the Buddha. This story comes complete with ceremonial elephants through whose legs Mr. Bertolucci gets some of his artiest shots. Unless you prefer the ones of the three children and a bunch of monkeys gamboling around the bodhi tree as Buddha, played by Keanu Reeves, smiles mysteriously while five beautiful maidens tempt him, and an entire army shoots flaming arrows at him without affecting his meditation.

Keanu Reeves, or his hair, undergoes numerous avatars. It goes from a loose feather cut to total hirsuteness like a tree covered with kudzu, thence to a baroque court lady's coiffure as reimagined by, say, Vidal Sassoon, without so much as once dislodging Mr. Reeves from his lotus position, or disrupting that beatific smile. I mean no disrespect to Buddhism, which has been with us for 25 centuries, only to Mr. Bertolucci's take on it, which ought to be forgotten in 25 days.

■ People have been comparing the inept little ***Widows' Peak*** to *Enchanted April*, Mike Newell and Peter Barnes's delightful comedy. Nothing could be farther off the mark. *Widows' Peak* was directed by John Irvin, an undistinguished action director, and written by Hugh Leonard, the Irish writer who, except for his charming play *Da*, has produced mostly hack work. But this hokey, heavyhanded jape features Joan Plowright, who, in her current phase as Britain's premier comic dowager, is equaling in her own way the achievement of her late husband, Laurence Olivier.

The story takes place in a sleepy Irish town during the unroaring Twenties, where Mrs. Doyle Counihan, the formidable matriarch in the hilltop mansion, has populated her entire hillside with her vassals: black, wraithlike widows who tend their husbands' graves, gawk at anything gawkable at, and gossip—not necessarily in that order of frequency. We meet Mr. Clancy, the local pain-full dentist, whose idea of anaesthesia is getting tanked up on whisky before he operates. He is in love with Miss O'Hare (Mia Farrow), the only spinster among all these widows, who for some mysterious reason is allowed to grow roses in a cottage provided with all necessities by Mrs. DC. The latter also has a grown live-in son, Godfrey, a rarity in Widows' Peak. He claims only to pretend that he is a bumbler, so his "Mammy" will keep him, and fancies himself a dapper fellow loaded with skills.

Into this burg comes to live, for no discernible reason, a smashing, sophisticated army widow, young Edwina Broome (Natasha Richardson), who, though English, claims to have been living in the United States, where she has become thoroughly Americanized. A bit of a vamp, she promptly sets her sights on the affluent Godfrey, with his all too willing cooperation. Strange animosities and intrigues spring up among the three principal ladies, none of them very amusing, let alone absorbing. Yet one wonders feebly what the glamorous Edwina, who drives her own car, wears scarlet lipstick and frocks, and smokes incessantly, seeks in these unlikely purlieus. A visiting Englishman even recognizes her as someone he knew at Antibes.

There are some passable anti-English jokes, and a couple of genuinely comic scenes that, given their paucity, I shall not even hint at. It all works up to a double switcheroo most people will have anticipated; neither Ashley Rowe's indifferent photography of the lovely exteriors nor Carl Davis's uncharacteristically unresourceful music contributes to the meager fun. Mr. Irvin's direction is merely perfunctory, but no more so than the script, which does not even make much of its better possibilities, such as Miss O'Hare's rose garden or Godfrey's work on repairing defective animal traps.

Still, Miss Plowright is a pleasure to behold and hear as she lays about the mediocre material with her native wit and charm. Mia Farrow manages Irish spinsterhood with amazing ease, but cannot make a silk purse out of thick Irish stew. Adrian Dunbar, better at playing conmen, does passably by Godfrey, and Gerald McSorley does nicely by a slippery lawyer (if that isn't a pleonasm). Jim Broadbent, a solid comedian, extracts everything possible from the amorous dentist. But Natasha Richardson is a huge disappointment. Though her American accent has become impeccable, all else about her is self-indulgent, overdone, and strangely amateurish. There are collectors out there with their private museums of celluloid horrors into

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which this performance will be duly inducted.

■ One might pass over ***Bitter Moon*** in silence, were it not made by the formerly brilliant Roman Polanski, and beginning to find an undeserved audience. Based on *Lunes de fiel*, by the French novelist Pascal Bruckner, it may have been of some interest before Polanski got through with it. It is now soft-core pornography devoid of genuine eroticism, affecting performances, or even incisive direction.

In the past, Mr. Polanski and his scenarist Gérard Brach (sometimes joined, as here, by John Brownjohn) have been able to whip up interest. Here they have contrived a confused and confusing story of sadomasochist sex, in which the novelist hero, Oscar, now wheelchair-bound, relates both a novel he has written and his stormy marriage to the much younger Mimi—two stories that manage only to detract from each other. The setting is an ocean crossing, where Oscar keeps luring Nigel, a young English fellow passenger, to come listen to him in his cabin, away from Fiona, Nigel's bride, who does not take kindly to hubby's absences, or his interest in Mimi, Oscar's sexy wife, around whom most of the action revolves.

Mimi is played by Emmanuelle Seigner, the granddaughter of the great Louis Seigner, but talent can skip two generations as easily as one. Her basically pretty face is made unappealing by what I can describe only as a look of stupidity. Intelligence, luckily, is not required in an actor, but Mlle Seigner, who may be bright as a button, has the misfortune of *looking* dumb, which acts as a powerful anaphrodisiac, and sabotages the film.

Peter Coyote, a San Francisco actor whom I've usually found wanting, and who now seems to be making a career of playing Americans in European movies (the last stop before the knacker's yard), portrays a successful novelist as a man who could at best write captions for horror comics. Far more interesting is the young British couple, effectively enacted by Hugh Grant and Kristin Scott-Thomas, but the film is only secondarily about them, which is a pity. Tonino delli Colli, the Italian cinematographer, works his usual wonders, but they are wasted on a mean-spirited little movie that comes across as a clean dirty joke, the worst kind of joke there is. □

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MANNERS IN WASHINGTON

Our Town

JOHN PODHORETZ

IT HAS become a matter of form for politicians and writers and talk-show callers to engage in ritualistic denunciations of Washington. You can't go wrong with them; those of us who wrote speeches for Ronald Reagan knew that if you needed an applause line, nothing worked so well as an anti-Washington jibe. The city is still struggling with the change he helped to effect in its reputation from the Home of the Wise it had seemed in the wake of the New Deal and the Second World War to the Cesspool of Elitist Vice it seems today.

As for me, though, I genuinely love Washington. I love it as a place of excitement, romance, and mystery. Before you laugh at the very idea, you should know that this enthusiasm is shared secretly by most people who live in and around Washington. It's a secret because it's unseemly—everybody in Washington knows he is a parasite whose host is the American body politic. And not just the government workers, either. From reporters who write about the place to think-tankers seeking to influence its policies to shopkeepers inside the gigantic malls who take advantage of the acquisitive desires that come with the nation's highest per-capita household income, Washingtonians are all parasites. And even parasites have a little discretion; they try to keep it down so that the host will not feel terribly ill and go in for a colonic.

So they stay quiet, even among themselves; they bitch about the atmosphere and quote Harry Truman's

Mr. Podhoretz is the television critic of the New York Post *and the author of* Hell of a Ride. *He is writing a book on the Republican Party for Putnam's.*

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line about how the only friend you can really have in this town is a dog. They use the phrase "in this town" like a negative mantra, invoking "the way things work in this town" with weary resignation as though they are beyond being disgusted by what they have seen. But they don't mean it.

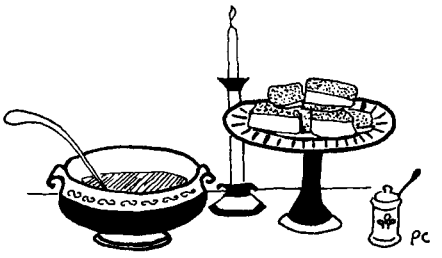
If you want to know why term limits are so unpopular in Washington, why the Georgians who came with Jimmy Carter and the Californians who came with Ronald Reagan and the Yankees who came with George Bush do not return home with their leaders—if you want to understand Washington—you must realize that it is a wondrous place, which its adopted residents do not leave if they can help it.

I have been thinking about all this because I recently left Washington and returned to New York to take a new job. I first went to Washington a kid of 22 with a wild head of curly hair and full thick beard, and I am now, exactly one decade later, clean shaven and a poster child for male pattern baldness.

I moved to Washington from a shared apartment virtually in the middle of Times Square, with no kitchen and flying cockroaches, on a block with 33 tourist-trap restaurants and two tenements that seemed to house the city's entire population of transvestite hookers. New York was the city I had been born and raised in, and I never really thought of living anywhere else after finishing college. After all, I was a writer and budding intellectual with ambitions to be a novelist and a journalist and a playwright, so where could a person live but New York?

It quickly became clear that neither the warm but scruffy New York in which I had grown up nor the mythical New York of a young writer's dreams existed any longer. During my four years of college, the city had gotten mean-spirited and its social pathologies no longer amusing. New York was in the middle of a spurt of economic growth that seemed only to be making things worse. Construction everywhere led to vicious traffic snarls. The fortunes that seemed to be made everywhere left those New Yorkers who weren't striking it rich in a state of perpetual, envious want. People talked of nothing but real estate, the way people during the Stalingrad siege probably talked about food. Thirty years of scarcity due to rent control had done this to a once-sane populace.

Even if you wanted to live like a starving artist in a garret, you couldn't find one you could afford except somewhere in a middle-class neighborhood in Brooklyn, which defeated the purpose of the whole enterprise. The coffeehouses of Greenwich Village were no longer filled with Trotskyists, but instead with kids from New Jersey and Long Island in for an evening's entertainment. And



the balance of power in the city's cultural life had shifted from the arts and publishing to banking and lawyering—for perhaps the first time in history, musicians had a harder time getting girls than Wall Streeters in braces and yellow ties.

The main thing that led to my exodus was that I was refused a promotion from researcher to writer at *Time* magazine, where I had gone to work after college. The reason I was given was this: I was too young. The reason I was not given was this: I was too conservative. So I was sitting in my office, feeling bereft, and the phone rang. It was a man named Woody West, who introduced himself as the managing editor of the brand new *Washington Times*. The *Times* was looking for someone to serve as a general culture critic.

I had the same concerns everybody has about working for the *Times*. Was I joining a disreputable organization whose purpose was proselytization for Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church? Did anybody read the thing? People in *Times*'s Washington bureau told me that the *Times* had in its first 18 months achieved a certain standing in the city because it was read eagerly in the White House and didn't seem quite as bad as they expected. That was good news.

Thus began my seven-year association with one of the most extraordinary organizations on earth—in every sense of the word "extraordinary." There is its extraordinary building, sitting at the northeast end of the city on a barren industrial corridor. A depressing place to work? Not at all, because the newsroom is new and airy, with a ceiling thirty feet high and one entire wall that is simply a gigantic picture window looking out onto the National Arboretum. The grandiosity of the paper's physical plant reflects the grandiosity of its animating force, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, who thinks he is some combination of Jesus Christ and Mohammad and the Lord God Himself, and so when he builds things, he builds them to last.

How could I work for such a man? Arnaud de Borchgrave, when he came to the *Times* as its editor-in-chief, put it best: "Every boss I've had thought he was God, including Kay Graham." Probably because Moon believes in his own omnipotence, and thus imagines he can reorder reality merely by wishing it, he agreed over the course of a decade to spend close to a billion dollars on the *Times* while sacrificing any and all control over the content of the paper.

Nobody outside the place ever quite believes that, and it's very hard to believe even when you're inside, but it's true—never before in the annals of publishing has anybody done anything quite so foolish, self-aggrandizing, or bizarrely noble. When Moon began giving his sponsorship of the *Times* and its sister news magazine, *Insight*, credit for the collapse of the Soviet Union, those of us civilians listening to him at a dinner at the Shoreham Hotel figured we ought to applaud politely because it was the least we could do for a guy who had dropped a billion dollars to let us play around with a newspaper and a magazine.

In many ways, life at the *Washington Times* was a perfect analogue to the life of any conservative in the 1980s. We were flush, awash in possibilities, and because the paper was in constant turmoil, the opportunities were unbelievable. And yet, and yet. We felt disrespected and insulted by the wider culture we both yearned to be a part of and had nothing but contempt for. People felt free to say the most appallingly rude things to us at parties—"I work at the *Washington Times*," I would say, and more than once the answer would come back, "Oh, that's disgusting"—just as conservatives were constantly hearing that we were a) greedy, b) racist, c)

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unfeeling, and d) generally a bunch of yahoos.

I don't want to give the impression that everybody working at the *Times* was a conservative. Far from it; in fact, the loudest complaints about the supposed "conservative bias" in the paper's news columns emanated from inside, from reporters and editors who came from the world of newspaper hackdom and were both unsympathetic to and fearful of the paper's editorial mission. And so like everyone associated with conservative causes, people at the *Times* always felt they had an out: they could go public and denounce the institution they worked for. This Washington ritual, which could be called the Stockman Syndrome, was a peculiar feature of life in the 1980s.

Liberals and the mainstream media were not just interested in battling conservatives, but were actually consumed with the notion of delegitimizing us. And so there were sizable rewards for public statements of dissociation from conservative orthodoxy. For people in the political sphere, like David Stockman, there were book contracts and televised stories about growth in office; for the hapless dissatisfied *Times*people, there were only those stories in the *Washington Post* Style section and Jack Shafer's *Times*-baiting column in Washington's free town rag, the *City Paper*. A moment of stardom after the relative anonymity of a *Times* byline—that was the petty reward for an act of betrayal.

ON MOVING to Washington, I discovered the feeling that everyone who is happy there discovers—that the subjects and ideas which have obsessed you for years are no longer on the margins of your experience, but are central to it. If you are interested in large political ideas about the nature of the United States and its place in the world, you are so profoundly in the minority that you always feel sheepish. The United States is the only country in the world in which knowing the names of its political leaders is considered dilettantism, a trivial pursuit rather than the most important thing you can know. This is a wonderful thing, because it means that Americans have the profound luxury of ignoring politics instead of worrying obsessively about it.

But for those who do care, it can be a solitary life. When you start talking passionately about politics in a non-political setting, people flee from you as though you were beginning to explain to them how you built your ham radio; they want to talk about sports. But politics is your sports—Phil Gramm's trade from the Democratic Party to the GOP is far more transfixing to you than Darryl Strawberry's journey from New York to Los Angeles. Before the advent of C-SPAN and Rush Limbaugh, ideologically minded people really were alone in America, even in New York. Working at *Time* in the section devoted to world news, I found only one person who was actually interested in world news. Everybody else talked about real estate and their kids and the sales at Saks Fifth Avenue at lunch hour.

New Washingtonians, on the other hand, find they have arrived in a city full of people who are even more ob-

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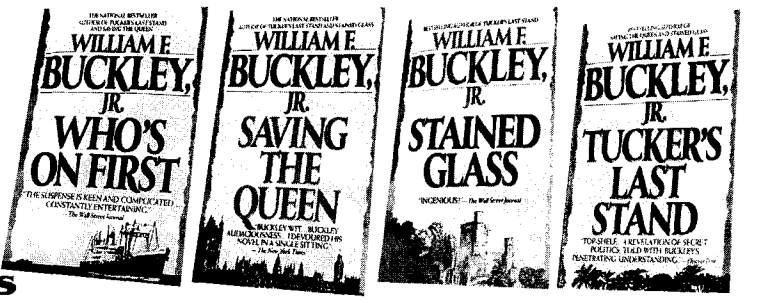

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sessed with the sport of politics than they ever were. There is a breathless liberation that comes with living in a place where you can have not one, not two, but ten conversations a day about Henry Gonzalez's Banking Committee. You play endless variations on the same subject, each conversation leading to a new tidbit, a new piece of gossip, a new and completely spurious and scurrilous rumor about Vince Foster.

In Washington, the material of most people's lives—their job, Little League, the mortgage—is overwhelmed by more abstract concerns: What's happening with the markup of the crime bill? Was there cloture on S-45? People are actually apologetic when the conversation turns from gossip about people they don't know (politicians) to gossip about people they do know (neighbors and co-workers).

So is this city, this wonderful daily gathering of the faithful and knowledgeable, going to be merely a temporary refuge, a place to do brief business and then go back home? This *is* home. Life is too boring back there, too, well, ordinary.

My first tour of duty at the *Washington Times* came to an end in 1987, when I left to work at *U.S. News & World Report*. The experience was a disaster, because I moved from a workplace where I was valued and had authority to a place where, once again, I was suspect in some part because of my ideological predilections. My boss was the now-infamous David Gergen, whose vaunted reputation in Washington makes all those who worked for him at *U.S. News* scratch our heads in wonder. He was a comically hapless manager, chronically late and dilatory, and prone to blaming his staff for the magazine's perpetually tardy closings on Friday nights when they were, in fact, his fault.

My six months at *U.S. News* were instructive in one regard—I learned that the temptation to "mainstream" myself was doomed to failure. When you are a conservative and a journalist, you feel terrific pressure to internalize the criticisms of conservatism that come from the mainstream and try to defend yourself against them, rather than reveling in the pleasure of being unconventional. One of the stranger facts of the 1980s was that the people who spent the decade defending the rights and views and ideas of the American bourgeoisie were far more unconventional, even oddly bohemian, than those on the Left who had for so long worn the mantle.

IT sounds strange to say that someone who found himself a few months after leaving *U.S. News* writing speeches for the President of the United States could ever have felt himself a bohemian. But as William Kristol says, while the Right has been in the ascendancy politically for two decades, culturally the Right is farther out on the in/out scale than it has ever been. And most of us, even those with a passion for politics, experience life culturally, not politically. We listen to music, go to the movies, watch TV; and these pastimes give us more of a sense of our country than anything else. My conservative contemporaries and I were desperate to find commonality with popular culture. I once threw a party at my house on Capitol Hill where forty right-wingers danced with crazed abandon to "Burning Down the House" by the proto-punk band Talking Heads. A pretty blonde who worked for then-Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole shouted out, "It's our anthem! Burn Down the House! Smash the State!" I can assure you this is not what David Byrne intended when he wrote the song.

Parties like that one were a hallmark of my years in Washington. Though I am not yet married, Washington has already become the place of my bachelorhood, and my feelings for the city are wrapped up in the comic melodramas I created to keep myself enthralled with the enormousness of my own problems.

I fell in love for the first time—on three separate occasions—in Washington, each time late at night on the grounds of the Jefferson Memorial. Each time we looked into the tidal basin and tried to ignore the hordes of tourist kids and the scaffolding and the dozens of other couples doing exactly what we were doing at exactly the same time, at a distance of ten feet or so. Each time I later decided that I never loved her anyway.

I spent an enormous amount of time engaged in insanely compelling and positively addictive philosophical conversations about love and pain and women and men in bars and restaurants throughout the city. At Café Lautrec in Adams Morgan, where E. and B. and I discussed the phenomenon of what Bismarck called "negative creative capability"—how the only way really to attract a woman was to be genuinely and truly indifferent to her charms—while a guy named Johnny who spelled it Johné got up and tapdanced on the bar. At Paper Moon in Georgetown, where B. and T. and I discussed whether sexual chemistry was real or delusional, and later got so drunk that we forgot where my car was and I decided it would be a good idea to lie down on the corner of M and 31st while B. and T. tried to remember. At the Hawk 'n' Dove on Capitol Hill, where we eyed the heartstoppingly pretty college-age interns working in congressional offices and wondered whether it was taste or morals, or just plain cowardice, that kept us away from them.

But Washington is not really a party town, and as we all got older the parties got more and more staid, my friends paired off and got married, and our friendships were now conducted mostly by telephone. My friends moved onward, with children and second mortgages. They have become by turns apologetic and even a little smug about the whole thing. Apologetic because the kids and the mortgages were distractions from the really important things, like how much blood there was around Vince Foster's body. A little smug because that is the way all young marrieds seem to their bachelor friends.

Meanwhile, I found my life repeating itself—a return to the *Washington Times* for two years after my job in the White House. It began to seem that it was time to go, because there was nothing left in Washington I wanted to do and the hermetic quality of those ten conversations a day about the placement of the gun in Vince Foster's hand began to pall.

I remember that within two years of my exodus to Washington in 1984, almost everybody I knew in New York had made the journey down I-95 as well. My friend Tod Lindberg wrote an article about this mass migration for *Commentary* that captured the feeling we all had—the feeling that Washington, a city modeled in part on the

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physical charms of Paris, was our Paris. It had become cosmopolitan enough to satisfy the gourmands with its array of restaurants, highbrow enough to make Philip Larkin's collected poems the city's number-one fiction best-seller for a time, and safe enough that nobody I know worries about crime even though the city is the nation's murder capital. Not where they live, it isn't.

I don't think that this time I will be followed back to New York. My friends have planted their roots. Their children are native-born Washingtonians. They would rather discuss issues and diss Mrs. Clinton, while I am already doing emotional battle with the homeless conmen who stop in every subway car and make a big political speech about self-reliance and benefit cutbacks before sticking a coffee cup in your face.

The truth is that after spending a decade in the cozy world inside the Beltway, I began to find the intensity of a life lived in proximity to politics and power more than a little exhausting. For a sports fan, it would be like watching ESPN 15 hours a day for 10 years; at some point you even begin to dread the words "Vince Foster." I expect I will enjoy the conversations about real estate and sales at Saks now, instead of being disappointed by them as I was when I first lived as an adult in New York.

For their part, my friends have found themselves reinvigorated after the Bush trough and the Clinton high by the severe troubles at the White House—just look at my former colleagues at the *Washington Times*, who will make history as surely as the *Washington Post* did twenty years ago if the Clinton downturn turns out to be as severe as it looks now. That billion dollars did buy something. Hell, maybe Moon *is* God, after all. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Stranger at the Gate: To Be Gay and Christian in America, by Mel White (Simon & Schuster, 333 pp., $23)

ODD THING about this book. Mel White, gay pastor and activist, hates narrowness of mind. Yet, when talking of the "religious Right," which he accuses of whipping up homophobia, he grows positively sulphurous. "The homophobic lies of the religious Right are murdering the souls and threatening the civil rights of gay and lesbian Americans." That's a sample of Mr. White's rhetoric. A former ghostwriter for Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson, as well as a noted religious filmmaker, Mr. White recounts graphically his agonized pilgrimage from husband and father to unabashed gay activist. Having grown up in a way-out fundamentalist family, he tried Christian healing. It didn't take. This book is in some sense his angry thanks-but-no-thanks to a religious culture he believes let him down. There is tenderness and humor in the early chapters but, at the end, mostly hostility, if not near-hysteria. Jerry Falwell seems a lot less obsessed with sex than does Mel White.

—WILLIAM MURCHISON

House of Cards: Psychology and Psychotherapy Built on Myth, by Robyn M. Dawes (Free Press, 338 pp., $22.95)

IN A WORLD of Oprah, Phil, and Bill "I share your pain" Clinton, Dr. Robyn Dawes attempts to dismantle the intellectual and scientific bases of the culture of psychotherapy. Waving the flag of scientific research against claims of clinical intuition, Dr. Dawes endeavors to show that contemporary clinical psychology is based upon "myths" of knowledge and expertise and a slavish devotion to an indulgent pursuit of "self-esteem." Conservative and libertarian readers will appreciate his conclusions that therapy not based on empirical evidence should not be funded by insurance companies or taxpayers, and that judges and juries should not defer to well-paid psychological "experts." However, Dr. Dawes overstates his case when he disparages the use of psychotherapy to explore painful emotions relating to negative self-image, asserting that low self-esteem may simply be attributed to a lack of effort or motivation. In his final sentence, Dr. Dawes exhorts the reader to "just do it." But it is precisely when we cannot just do it, or don't know what "it" is, that we turn to counselors, clergymen, and psychotherapists. To date, science has neglected that existential dimension of human experience that has caused so many to seek therapeutic succor.

—TODD LENCZ

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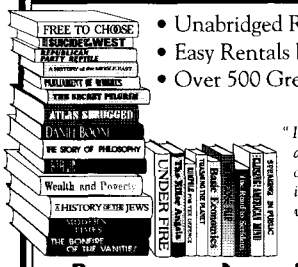

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

Demjanjuk Again

Immediately upon reading *NR*'s editorial replying to my letter about Patrick Buchanan and the Demjanjuk case ["The Week," November 29), I faxed the editor asking for the evidence behind one of his accusations against me. *NR* had argued that although I had accused Mr. Buchanan of defending a variety of war criminals, I had been "oddly selective" in failing to mention that Mr. Buchanan had defended Frank Walus when he was wrongly adjudged a party to such crimes. But *NR* was wrong—Buchanan did not defend Walus—and six months later admits that it will not contest the point.

Further buttressing the charge against me of "selectivity," *NR* says that "Buchanan never defended Karl Linnas and Klaus Barbie." But this is splitting hairs. Buchanan had involved himself in both cases, appealing to the attorney general to block Linnas's deportation and grousing in a column about the deportation of Barbie. This may not constitute "defending" them, but it certainly demonstrates solicitude.

On the Demjanjuk verdict itself, *NR* claimed it amounted to an admission that Demjamjuk "was not Ivan the Terrible." But the sole grounds of reversal of the original conviction was a new batch of Soviet documents. The Israeli Supreme Court expressed many reservations about these documents but concluded that they sufficed to create a "reasonable doubt" of Demjanjuk's guilt—not, as *NR* would have it, proof of his innocence.

This, however, contrary to *NR*, was not my "primary point," which was about how Buchanan conducted himself. The issue was never that Buchanan questioned whether Demjanjuk was the guard called Ivan the Terrible, which of course only Demjanjuk could know for sure. What was disreputable was making himself Demjanjuk's champion, depicting him as a martyr, and throwing rhetorical brickbats at his accusers and prosecutors—when, at a minimum, the evidence shows Demjanjuk to have been a lesser accomplice in the Holocaust. Most shamefully, Buchanan went so far at times as to make himself a mouthpiece for so-called "holocaust revisionists," a collection of neo-Nazis and other blatant anti-Semites.

Joshua Muravchik
American Enterprise Institute
Washington, D.C.

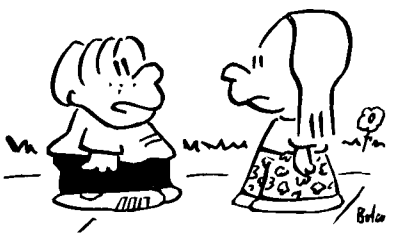
On one point, Mr. Muravchik is correct. We have not found evidence that Mr. Buchanan defended Frank Walus at the time of his trial, although he subsequently cited Walus as an example of the kind of mistaken identity that can occur in such cases. We apologize to Mr. Muravchik for this error and for our disparaging of him on that account.

For the rest, our editorial stands. Mr. Buchanan did not "defend" either Linnas or Barbie. He called for Linnas to be tried as a war criminal in the the U.S., and of Barbie he remarked: ". . . in France if they put Barbie on trial and convict him and shoot him, I don't have any difficulty with that at all." Neither sounds like solicitude to us.

As for the Demjanjuk verdict, a "reasonable doubt" does establish innocence in a criminal case even if it might not do so at the bar of history. Our judgment that Demjanjuk had been accused falsely of being Ivan the Terrible "while probably being a lesser accomplice in the Nazi machinery of genocide" is a fair summary of both the Israeli court's findings and the still uncertain facts of the case.

As for the allegations that Mr. Buchanan made himself a mouthpiece for Holocaust revisionists—which Mr. Muravchik laid out in detail in his original letter—we simply do not accept them. We believe that the evidence is open to an interpretation much more favorable to Mr. Buchanan, but we see no reason why it should be rehashed yet again in our pages.

On the other side of the ledger, we urge Mr. Muravchik to consider the evidence that Mr. Buchanan had manifestly good reasons for his concern over Demjanjuk, notably: that it was dangerous to rely on Soviet evidence; that the Justice Department was not treating evidence honestly in such cases (a concern now confirmed by U.S. courts); and that such miscarriages of justice had occurred earlier in, for instance, the Walus case. It was these considerations—and, of course, the Israeli court's verdict—that we felt justified Mr. Buchanan's skepticism. —Ed.



I don't believe in Santa Claus any more, and I'm beginning to have my doubts about Bill Clinton."

SMITH

(Continued from page 49)

(but revealingly, not with his mother and sister, who would have opposed the request).

The Committee subsequently wrote a letter dated January 15, 1992, stating that Michael's case warranted the removal of food and fluids even though he was not unconscious. Rather than follow the AMA's easy-to-understand guidelines, the Committee took a subjective approach using classic bureaucratese to justify their decision. They wrote in part:

> While Mr. Martin is not in a persistent vegetative state, members of the Ethics Committee felt that the persistence of his condition and the level of his functioning were equivalent to a persistent vegetative state for purposes of considering the removal of nutritional support.

In other words, he's not *really* unconscious but we'll pretend he is so we can approve the request.

Nonetheless, the hospital was somewhat cautious. Years earlier, Pat and Leeta had obtained an injunction to prevent Mary from withholding antibiotic treatment from Michael when he contracted an infection. So this time, the hospital, on the basis of legal advice, refused to participate in the starvation without prior approval by a court.

Mary now has that approval. Unless attorneys can obtain a stay of Judge Grieg's order, Michael Martin will soon be taken from his home to a strange place (his care facility has refused to participate in his starvation), where people who do not know him will remove his feeding tube, drug him, and watch as he dehydrates and starves to death.

Why isn't the benefit of doubt being given to the choice of life in these starvation cases? Perhaps it is because we are becoming a society that increasingly believes that it is better to be dead than disabled. That certainly seems the mindset that leads guardians to decide to starve their wards, medical-ethics committees to violate "strict" protective guidelines, and judges to give their official stamps of approval.

That should lead us all to ask—What kind of a nation are we becoming? □

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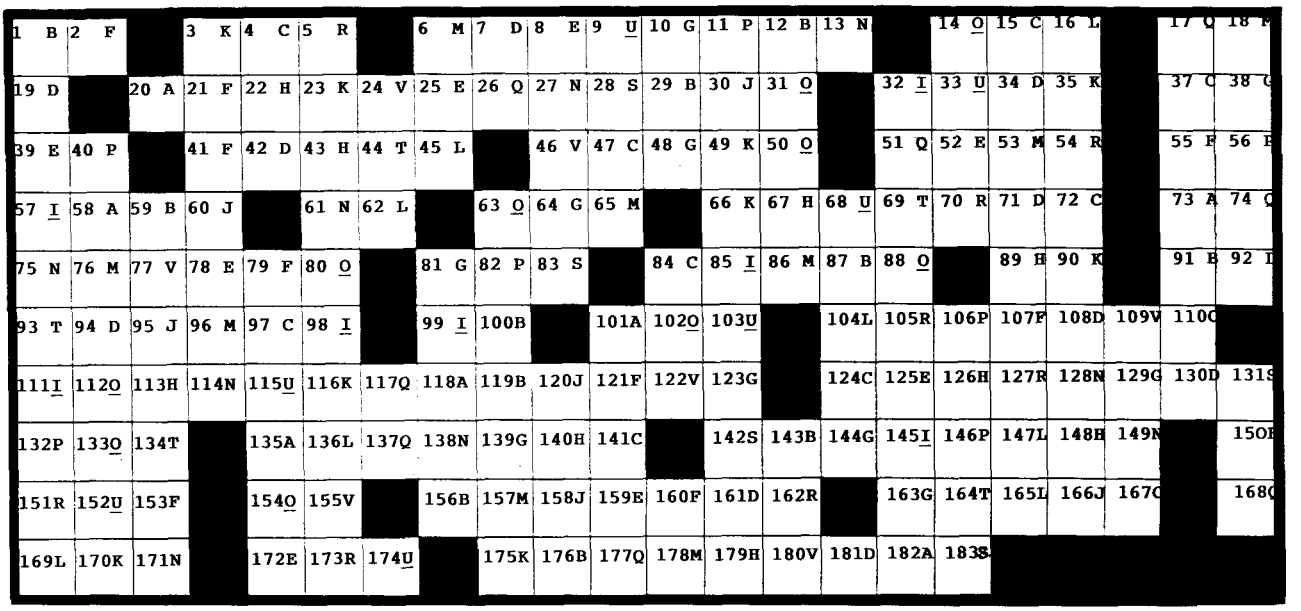
TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

A. Philosophically diverse — 182 135 118 36 73 101 58 20

B. In another way — 91 1 143 156 12 176 29 59 119 87 100

C. Little-used railroad station (2 words) — 84 167 47 37 110 15 97 72 141 4 124

D. Incentive — 108 161 34 7 130 42 94 19 71 181

E. Hitchcockian direction — 25 125 8 150 52 159 39 78 172

F. Chilling malady — 2 121 21 55 153 41 160 107 79

G. In a gushing manner — 139 144 163 64 38 129 48 10 123 81

H. Maternal kind of cord — 179 22 89 148 126 43 140 67 113

I. One type of Northern Italian — 145 85 111 99 32 57 98

J. Confection — 30 158 120 60 95 166

K. Necessary but unpleasant kind of room — 170 23 90 35 175 49 66 116 3

L. Type of credit — 165 104 169 136 16 147 92 62 45

M. With undue modesty — 76 65 86 178 53 6 18 157 96

N. Netherlands port city — 138 61 114 128 27 171 13 149 75

O. Bizarre — 63 112 31 133 14 50 88 154 80 102

P. Reverently — 56 106 82 146 40 132 11

Q. Kim Il Sung, e.g. — 177 117 51 168 26 137 74 17

R. Macabre — 162 151 70 5 105 127 54 173

S. Entertain — 131 28 83 183 142

T. Loud — 44 164 69 93 134

U. Stray from form — 33 174 9 115 152 68 103

V. Appease — 122 155 109 77 180 46 24

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. DONALD KAUL: *Swivel Service:* "I'm so glad President Clinton declared a federal holiday to mark Mr. Nixon's burial. I don't know how federal workers could have functioned while bearing the terrible burden of their grief. They have a hard enough time when they're cheerful."

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Corruption Everywhere

NEW YORK, MAY 27

Even those of us who thought President Clinton made the correct move on the China question cringe at how he did it, the words he spoke, and the words in particular of Secretary of State Warren Christopher. Mr. Christopher said that we need to look at American interests "as a whole," and to that end he suggested a fungibility that simply doesn't work. If in Shanghai they are torturing political prisoners and buying American ball bearings, you can't put the two on a single scale, weigh them, and announce gravely that the 3.2 anti-grams of torture are outweighed by the 3.6 grams of jobs created in our factories.

What you say is: On the whole, we have determined that economic sanctions of a kind we'd be willing to employ aren't going to advance human rights in China. Furthermore, ball-bearing sales in a free market slightly open up shutters closed to individual freedom: If purchasers are at liberty to decide whose ball bearings to buy, that means they are at liberty in an area in which, up until yesterday, there was no liberty.

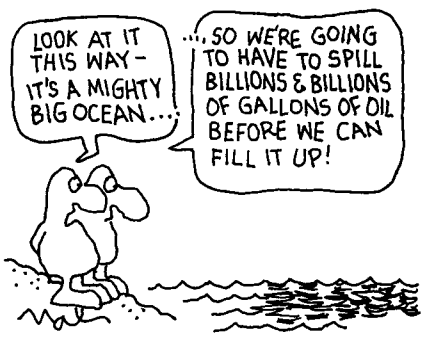
But the tone of government seems everywhere to be weighed down with hypocrisy and cant. Over in the judicial world, President Clinton gives retiring Justice Blackmun a paean President Andrew Jackson would have been embarrassed to pronounce at the funeral of John Marshall—and this only weeks after Mr. Blackmun announced in court that he would never again endorse an opinion that countenanced capital punishment. Wouldn't it have been more correct for a Justice to say that, feeling as he does about capital punishment, he would recuse himself from any case that dealt with the subject? And oughtn't a President, delivering a eulogy to a retiring Justice, gently remind him that the division of powers bequeathed us by the Constitution makes absolutely irrelevant what Mr. Blackmun's views are on capital punishment?

Where does one go for relief? Not to the House of Representatives, whose towering figure we learn is likely to go to jail. Mr. Rostenkowski evidently treated the House post office as a kind of personal exchequer, and the point finally came when the people who inspect such matters, perhaps after lunching with the people who track presidential helicopters taking staff to golf courses in verdant Maryland, decided they had really better get into the act.

Whose fault is it? When the S&L scandals came up a few years ago, we'd hear from the Democrats that, after all, it all happened on Reagan's watch. From the Republicans we heard that the critical legislative steps—releasing the S&Ls from Regulation Q restraints; extending coverage even to savings accounts of $100,000—had been done by Democrats. Well, both are true. Without the Democratic legislation, the scandals could not have happened. And yes, the President should have reminded the Congress of its regulatory responsibilities.

But in the last analysis, it is the voters who, in a self-governing republic, are responsible for endemic corruption and hypocrisy. William Butler Yeats once wrote to the *Irish Times* saying (if memory serves), "Many have written recently to ask what, lately, has the Lord Mayor done to commend himself to the people of Dublin? I write to ask, What lately have the people of Dublin done to commend themselves to the Lord Mayor?"

Is there any reason for politicians to fail to take advantages held open to them? As recently reported, one murderer in 1,400 is executed, which is pretty good odds, if murder is on your mind. And if larceny is on your mind, grand or petit, and the chances are such as infest government, then reality begins to change. Language doesn't mean what it says. George Orwell spotted it as the critical sign of corruption: When President Clinton, 1994, flatly contradicts President Clinton, 1993, and candidate Clinton, 1992, and then boasts about it, language and logic are forfeit, and these are the basic human rights of self-governing societies. □


LOOK AT IT THIS WAY - IT'S A MIGHTY BIG OCEAN...
...SO WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPILL BILLIONS & BILLIONS OF GALLONS OF OIL BEFORE WE CAN FILL IT UP!
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Nixon and the Haldeman Diaries

NEW YORK, MAY 20

Concerning the diaries of H. R. Haldeman, a few observations:

1. It is not likely that Bob Haldeman fabricated or even improvised the remarks he attributed to President Nixon. He was to begin with a meticulous man. In 1977, a few weeks before he reported to the penitentiary to expiate the Watergate-related crimes of which he had been convicted, we dined together. He wanted advice about literary aid for the Watergate book he intended to write (and did) while in prison. He told me that he had read every book relating to Watergate (already, more than one dozen). "I underlined in blue every factual statement I knew to be true. In red, every factual statement I knew to be false. In green, every factual statement I did not know to be true, or to be false." Precisionists of that kind don't make up conversations.

2. Specifically, Haldeman quotes Nixon as having bemoaned the "total Jewish domination of the media." Haldeman wrote that it was agreed that "this is something that would have to be dealt with." The exchange took place in the presence of Henry Kissinger.

The issue is best probed, in the judgment of this analyst, by focusing on the statement that "the problem" would have to be "dealt with."

How?

The ruling families of the *Washington Post* and of the *New York Times* were Jewish, as was the top management of a couple of the networks. So if Mr. Nixon, banging his fist on the desk, said to Mr. Haldeman that something had to be done to deal with this problem, what exactly did he have in mind?

Exactly. He had nothing in mind, and the severest reason for it is that there is nothing an American President can do, or for that matter an American Congress, Executive, and Judiciary acting

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jointly, to dispossess the owners of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. The networks do not depend on regulatory sanction, though network-owned stations do. So: Did Mr. Nixon intend to communicate to Mr. Haldeman that the next time CBS stations came up for renewal, the FCC would be instructed to deny such renewals, pending a change in the ethnic and religious affiliations of the applicants? To ask that question is to reveal the emptiness of the gesture. If, slamming on the brakes to avoid hitting the little boy, you are heard to mutter that all boys of that age should be confined to their schoolyards, you are not really menacing the freedom of little boys, you are letting off steam. If the anti-Nixon brigades wish to choler up for the purpose of interpreting such a remark as betraying true, lethal anti-Semitism, they are free to do so, and others are free not to take them seriously; and these would include Mr. Kissinger, who would not have been appointed Secretary of State by a functioning anti-Semite. If the prosecution will rest with the simple cultural point that many contemporaries of Mr. Nixon were capable of blaming "the Jewish media" for every blot on the political landscape, let us stipulate that this is so; even as blacks in parts of New York City blame Koreans, or Jews, or Hispanics, and vice versa, for all the problems in sight. People tend to look for generic hobgoblins, as every honky knows.

3. Concerning blacks, Mr. Haldeman recorded Mr. Nixon as saying that blacks are unique in never having presided over a free, democratic society. Paraphrasing the President, Haldeman wrote, "Says Africa is hopeless. The worst there is Liberia, which we built."

What Mr. Nixon's sweeping statement of rhetorical despair should be subjected to is historical analysis, and then relative analysis. Nobody can defend the record of black Africa, measured against criteria of freedom and democracy. As much is true of Latin America. At about the time Mr. Nixon was letting off steam, there were approximately four genuinely democratic republics in Latin America. But since then the tide has dramatically changed, though it is too early for strategic optimism.

What we do learn is that there are perils in transcribing the purple thoughts of any public figure. Come to think of it, of anybody at all: there are moments when we blame the stars themselves that we are underlings. How much wiser to focus on such a comment as was made by John Taylor, the director of the Nixon Library. He said that Mr. Nixon's statements about blacks and Jews "should be viewed strictly in a political context"—i.e., who has got under the presidential skin that day. And then:

"I had the privilege of serving him for 15 years and never heard him make an anti-Semitic statement."

That doesn't mean he never made one, but does suggest that there is a difference between the kind of racism we properly worry about, and the kind we associate with a generation nurtured on its own hobgoblins. □

Up Again: Capital Punishment

NEW YORK, MAY 24

George Pataki, who is now the Republican candidate for governor of New York, is not well known, so that the day after his nomination, the New York press sought to identify him ideologically. Three compass points were provided. The candidate is pro-choice, he favors reducing taxes, and he backs the death penalty. The Choicers aren't absolutely happy, because Mr. Pataki doesn't believe that the public purse should be used for abortion expenses, and he thinks that when the girl is 16 or less, her parents ought to be notified. On the matter of reducing taxes, it is difficult to find anyone in New York, even old Rockefellerites like Messrs. Bill Green and Richard Rosenbaum, who don't think taxes are paralyzingly high.

Attention focuses then on Mr. Pataki's strenuous call for restoring the death penalty. We are hearing a *cri de coeur*—a cry from the heart. New Yorkers know that restoring the death penalty will not end crime, but the feeling mounts that the continuing ban on the death penalty is something like the infrastructure of permissiveness on the subject of crime. And about crime they are greatly exercised, as is most of the country.

Between 1966 and 1990, the rate of violent crimes quadrupled. We have achieved one homicide every 30 minutes, one burglary every 11 seconds, one car theft every 20 seconds, one robbery every 40 seconds, one rape every 5 minutes.

When Hugh Carey was governor of New York, his opposition to capital punishment was carried to contumacious lengths. What he said was that if the legislature succeeded in reimposing capital punishment, he would exercise his commutation powers and, one by one, pardon every man sentenced to death. The constitutional architects who gave us Executive clemency powers never anticipated that they would be used as a kind of permanent veto against the will of the legislature, but Governor Carey did not need to carry out his threat: the legislature never quite amassed enough votes.

Nor did succeeding legislatures, contending against Mario Cuomo. Mr. Cuomo is widely known as a Tobacco Road liberal, and his views on capital punishment can be compared to those of retiring Justice Blackmun, who violated the implicit bounds of his office to give a lecture against capital punishment as a part of a judicial opinion. The personal views of Justices on general moral questions ought not to be written down on public time: the Supreme Court in 1976 revalidated capital punishment as undisturbed by the Eighth Amendment, and one year later, the Court ruled out capital punishment for the crime of rape. So that the bounds within which the final sanction can be exercised are specified with some care by the Court.

What this did not bring on was an effective return to capital punishment. We have had just over 235 executions since 1976 and approximately 350,000 murders. Almost as many Americans have been murdered since 1976 as were killed in battle in Vietnam and in two world wars put together (390,000). There are more than ten times as many men and women in the death houses as have been executed since 1976. Two weeks ago, John Wayne Gacy, who sodomized and killed a couple of dozen young men and boys, was executed. His crimes were committed before 1979. Serial killer Ted Bundy had approximately as large a hiatus between his apprehension and his execution.

There is a very good case for executing those who commit capital crimes irrespective of the deterrent factor: When Adolf Eichmann was hanged in Israel, this wasn't really a signal to other anxious genociders to stop dreaming about becoming lord high executioners at a future Auschwitz: we just wanted to kill him, and quite right. But to the extent that deterrence is the objective, we are failing miserably under present arrangements, which result in deaths from old age in the death houses.

It will be instructive to see how much emphasis Governor Cuomo is willing to put on his old-fashioned opposition to the supreme penalty. Popular opinion on capital punishment has changed enormously during the past decades, and 75 per cent now favor it. We are supposed to be a self-governing society, subject to the bonds of the Constitution. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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The Rosty Man

THE DEMISE of the Honorable Rostenkowski has provoked orgies of hand-wringing here in Washington, the likes of which the city hasn't seen since, oh, early May. Establishmentarians assemble shoulder to shoulder around the bier, gazing sadly upon their fallen colleague, heads bowed, blinking back the tears. Their tears are not crocodile tears; the expressions of remorse are genuine, *de profundis*. When the professional Congresswatcher Norman Ornstein praises Rostenkowski's "combination of brains, guts, heart, toughness, savvy, and integrity," he's not kidding. Really. He's not.

This is touching, sort of, but someone should point out that the encomiums serve to obscure a notable fact, which is that Rostenkowski is—how to put it?—a slob of astonishing vulgarity, a pampered hack, a low-rent ward heeler whose only obvious talent was for steamrolling whatever lay in the path to the aggrandizement of the political class. Other than that, and his cheap suits, he is beyond criticism.

Amazingly, the eulogists managed to strike a solitary note of truth, when they (every one of them) called Rostenkowski "the last of a breed." Born and suckled in the Skinner Box of the Daley machine, he embodies an earlier era, before politics was adulterated by TV, image consultants, direct-mail shysters, and endless schemes for reform. And I mean the word *embodies* literally: with his multiple wattles and jowls, his overall girth and omnipresent scowl, the gravel in his voice, he is a Thomas Nast cartoon come to life (or, more accurately, a cartoon from the pen of Henry Payne, the Thomas Nast of our day). His passing marks the passing of an American type, leaving Congress in the hands of men (and a smattering of women) who are as cute as anchorpersons—utterly jowlless. There is an irony here, which is worth exploring. I'd call it the Rostenkowski Conundrum, except it sounds like a Robert Ludlum novel.

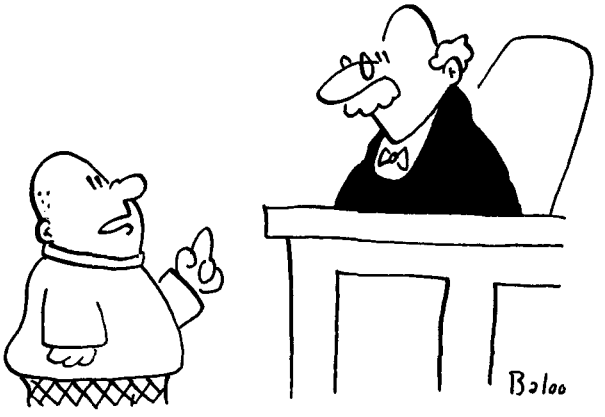
Like most reporters in Washington, I've been required to write about Congress once in a while, an unpleasantness which entails actually speaking to congressmen, watching them gabble on the House floor, and lolling through snoozy hours in committee rooms where the sausages are painfully packed and squeezed. Writing up the proceedings on deadline, I've noticed how easy it is to strike off a cheap joke at the Members' expense. The gags come almost ready-made, for congressional clichés are part of the national idiom: everyone understands that congressmen are bloated, boozy, venal, lazy, and oversexed. One authoritative source, the *Milton Berle Joke File*, devotes almost as much space to congressmen as it does to impotence, which is saying a lot: "A congressman just became the subject of a congressional investigation. He saved up $2 million in five years. Congress wants to investigate why it took him so long!" I didn't say the jokes were funny, just cheap. And irresistible.

And false. They may have been apt a generation ago, in the era when Rostenkowski wasn't an anachronism. But the demands of the modern Congress leave little room for the venial sins of the old caricature. Constant television exposure has weeded out the slovenly and unpresentable. A genuine drunk could scarcely maintain the grueling schedule, which also deters the lazy. Venality may be more common, but it requires a cleverness and energy that are diverted by the torrent of minutiae that preoccupies the modern legislator. As for "oversexed"—well, every cliché contains a grain of truth.

TODAY'S Congress is composed, in the majority, of fresh-faced professionals, studious, well-tailored, and expensively coiffed, schooled to the point of mastery in the arts of duplicity and euphemism. It is a tribe of Bill Clintons, not Boss Tweeds. This fact should be plain. Why then does the Nasty old caricature survive? Because it expresses, in shorthand, the undeniable and overwhelming contempt people feel for Congress. Which leads to the question: Why, now that Congress has been largely cleansed of the venal and boozy and lazy, do we still hate it?

The question bedevils congressmen, who in hopes of dispelling the caricature fashion one institutional reform after another—elaborate, exhaustive, and beside the point. For, in the most crucial sense, Rostenkowski is not an anachronism but an exemplar—a low-grade totalitarian who considers no area of private life beyond the reach of the government he commanded. How much money you can make; how much sick leave you get; whom you can hire or fire; and soon, who your doctor is: Danny and the boys have felt entitled to rejigger any arrangement any American might wish to make on his own. And he had a ready answer for those who disagreed: "You might as well kick a guy's brains out if he's not for you." The contempt Americans feel for congressmen is the ineradicable hatred servants always feel for their masters.

Establishmentarians should wipe away the tears. "We will not see his like again," said Al Hunt of the *Wall Street Journal*. Al, Al. Perk up. On Capitol Hill we see his like every day. The wattles may soon be a memory, but the spirit of Rostenkowski lives on. —ANDREW FERGUSON



"Yes, your honor, I mugged him—but I mugged him without regard to race, creed, or color."

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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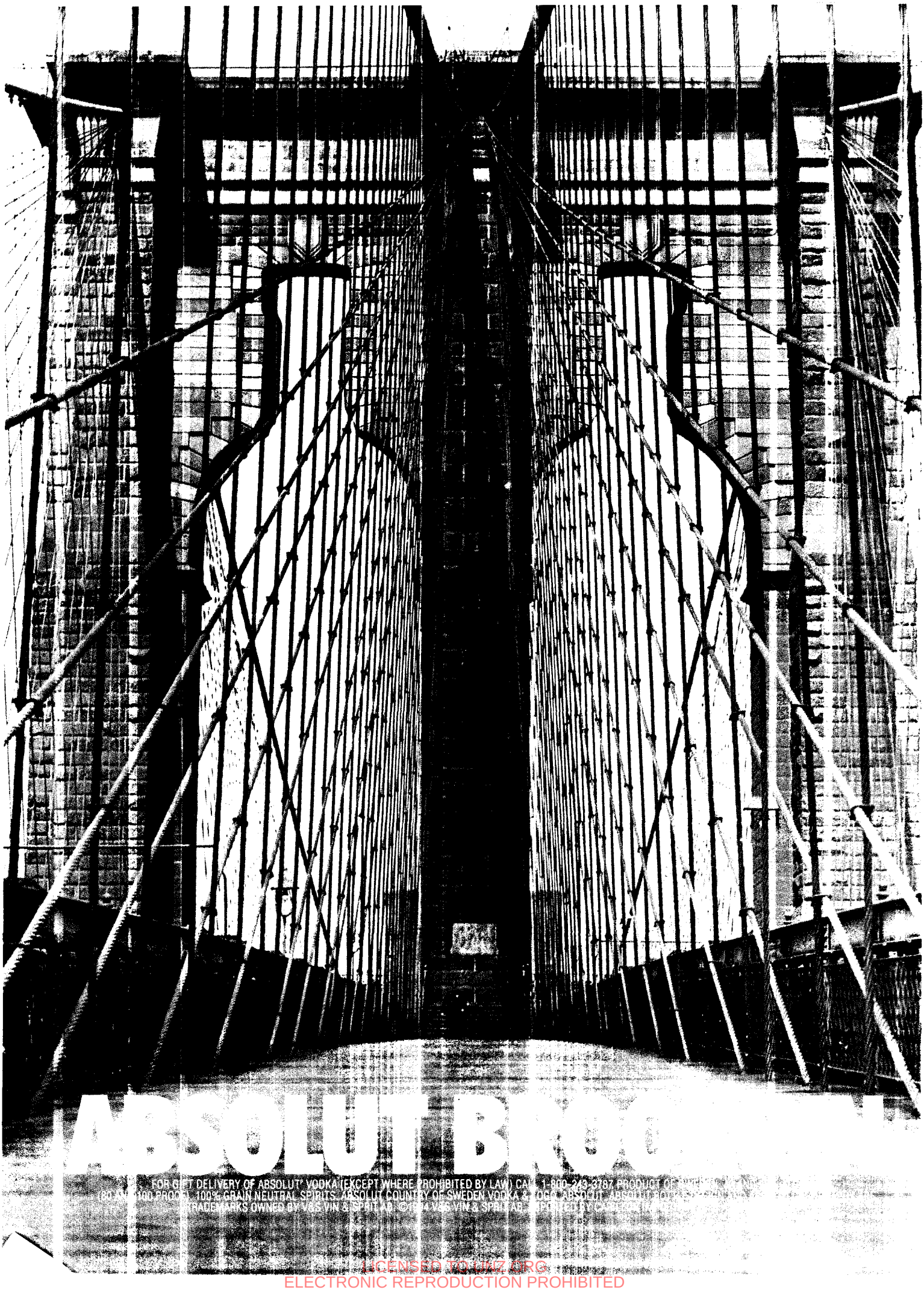

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